★ Mar. 20, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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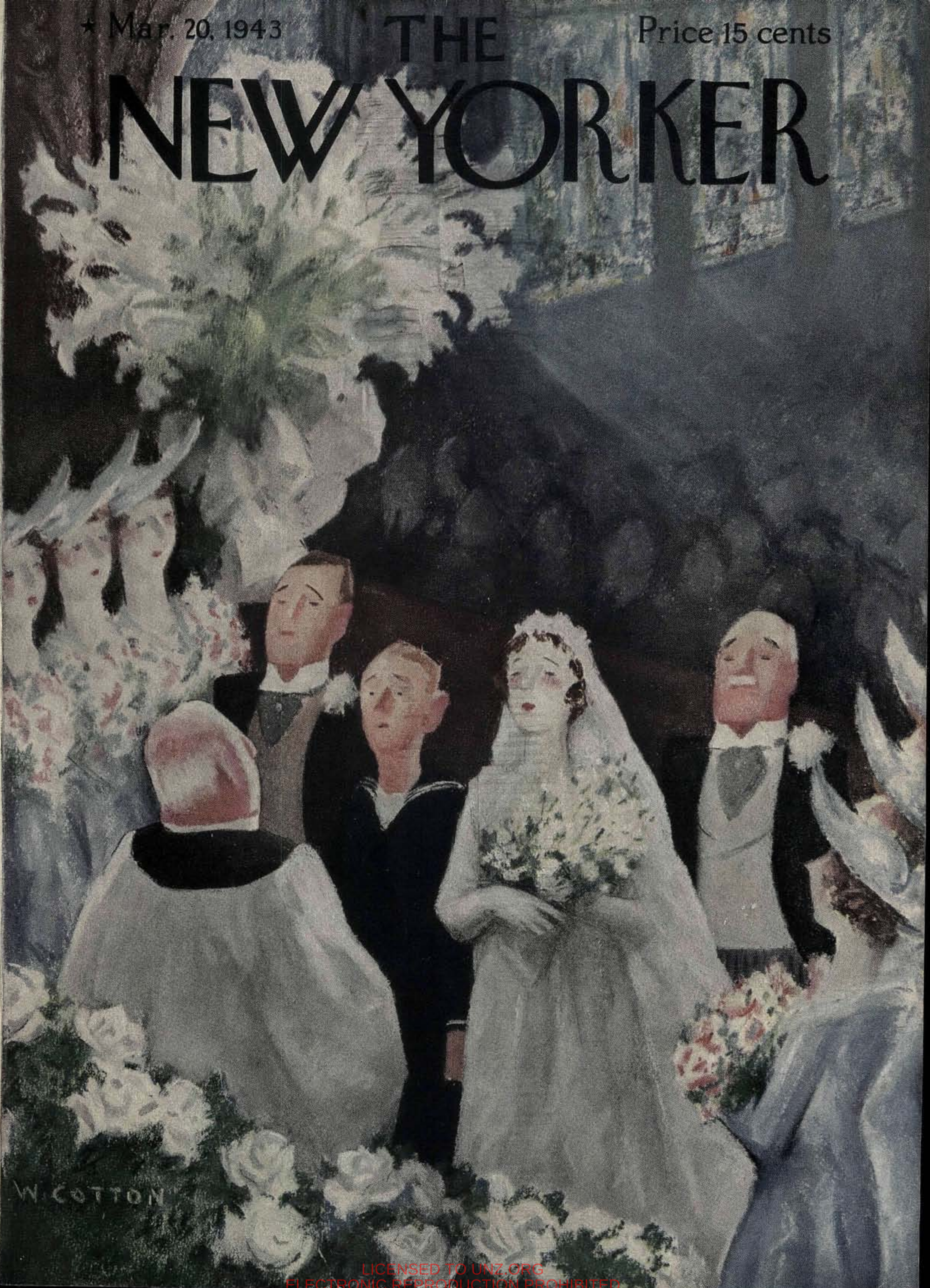

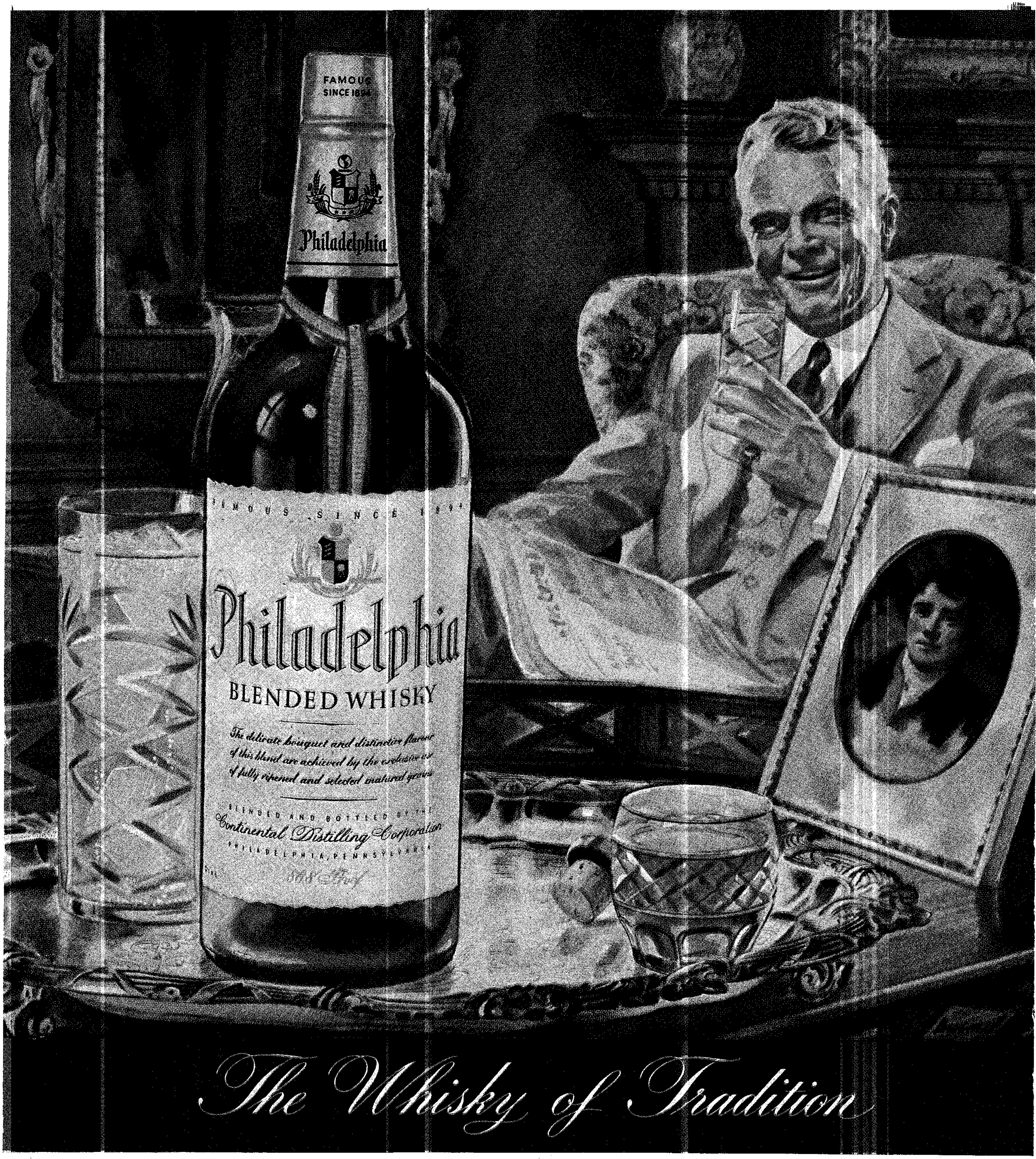
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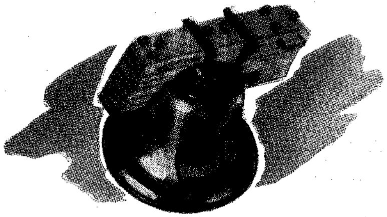

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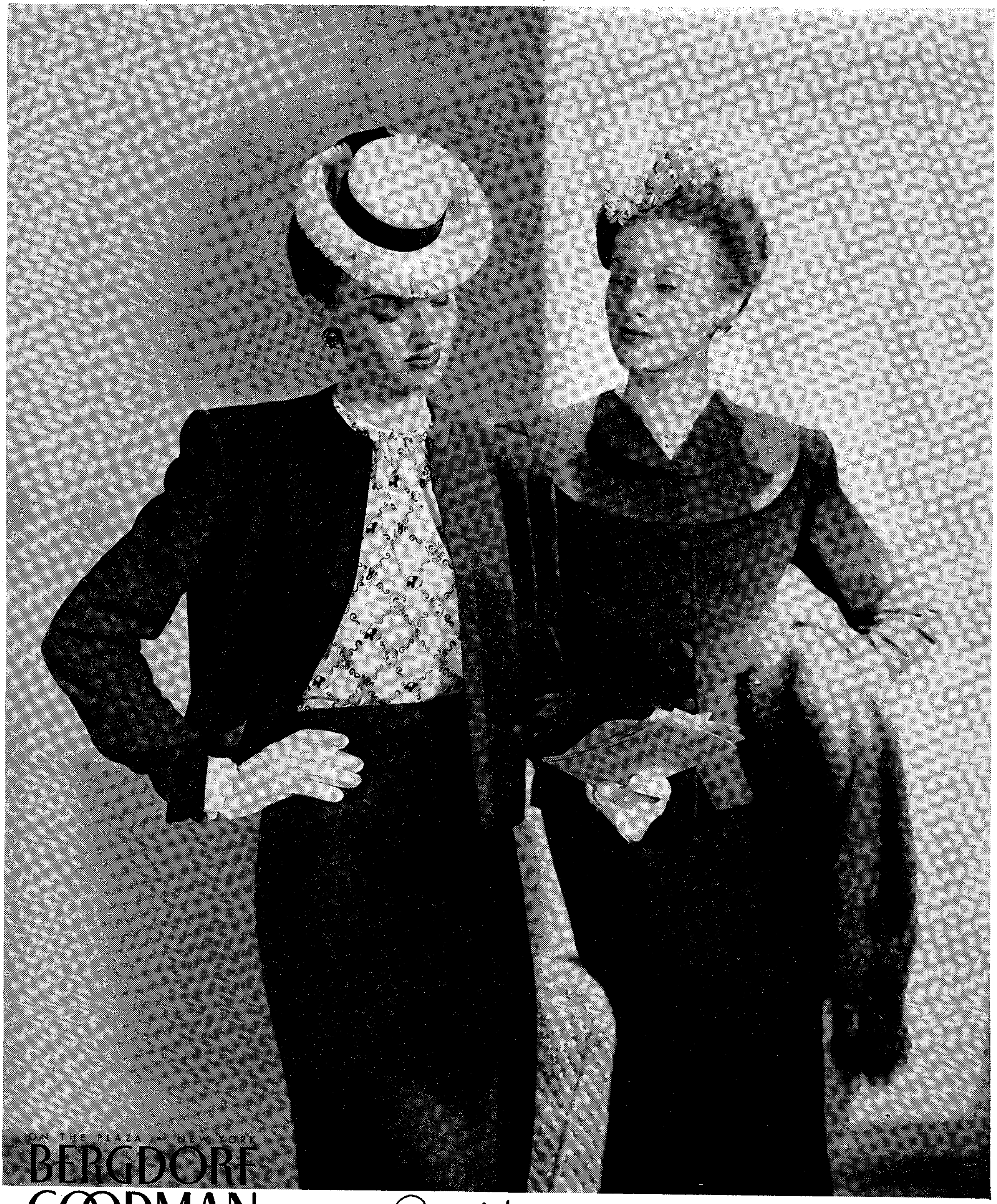

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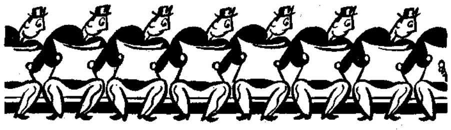

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 27.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. After two years this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats Sat. and Sun. at 2:45.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's play about a shyster lawyer with a heart of gold. Still pretty good fun, though it is fairly dated in spots. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Counterattack—A melodrama involving two Red soldiers and their Nazi prisoners in the cellar of a ruined building. Not as exciting as it might be, in spite of the vigorous efforts of Morris Carnovsky, Sam Wanamaker, Barbara O'Neil, and quite a few others (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Moves on Tues., March 23, to the Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Dark Eyes—Probably you'll enjoy this comedy about three carefree Russian ladies who take over a Long Island household. Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova wrote it and play in it too. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—A farce about present-day Washington that seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Joseph Fields wrote the play and George S. Kaufman directed a cast that includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—The tragedy of Bataan dealt with by Maxwell Anderson in a play that is interesting but possibly more effective as a recruiting poster. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes splendid as the little woman who started a big war. The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR. 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Janie—Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins in a mild comedy of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon , at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney still play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Men in Shadow—Frank melodrama about the underground movement in France. Roy Hargrave is tough and acrobatic as the leader of the saboteurs. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Patriots—A biography of Thomas Jefferson between 1790 and 1800, best, perhaps, when the hero has written his own lines. Raymond Edward Johnson plays the statesman and among others in the cast are House Jameson and Madge Evans. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Pirate—The Lunts have a field day in this well-got-up costume piece by S. N. Behrman, which nevertheless has its dull moments. Among the others in the cast are Estelle Winwood, Clarence Derwent, Lea Penman, and Alan Reed. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's remarkable fantasy about a New Jersey family which survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Tallulah Bankhead are among the indestructible people in the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., March 19, at 2:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

The Three Sisters—Katharine Cornell's handsome and intelligent revival of Chekhov's play about the ladies who are sick of the suburbs. Her supporting Muscovites include Judith Anderson, Edmund Gwenn, Dennis King, Ruth Gordon, Alexander Knox, and Tom Powers. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., March 25, at 2:30, for the Red Cross.)

Uncle Harry—A pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye may possibly convince you against your better judgment. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Kiss and Tell—A George Abbott production of a play by F. Hugh Herbert, with Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on this first-rate musical version of "The Warrior's Husband." (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence back again in this fantasy about a lady editor who gets tangled up in psychiatry. The supporting cast is not quite what it was. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Let's Face It!—Danny Kaye and a few of his specialty numbers have disappeared from this musical version of "Cradle Snatchers," and his place is being taken by José Ferrer. As you know, Cole Porter wrote most of the music. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., March 20.)

Show Time—Just a vaudeville show, but one well worth your money. The program includes George Jessel, Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos, all of whom are very fine. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. A big, good-natured comedy, also containing Allen Jenkins, Paula Laurence, and Cole Porter's music. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. Olsen and Johnson are assisted in their current brainstorm by Frank Libuse and Joe Besser. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee in a strange mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Apology—Elissa Landi, Erin O'Brien-Moore, and Thelma Schnee in a play by Charles Schnee. Staged and produced by Lee Strasberg. Opens Mon., March 22. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. the first week and Sat. and Sun. thereafter, at 2:40.)

The Family—A dramatization by Victor Wolfson of Nina Fedorova's novel, with Lucile Watson, Carol Goodner, and Evelyn Varden. Staged by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Oscar Serlin. Opens Tues., March 23. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

Richard III—The Shakespeare play, with George Coulouris, Philip Bourneuf, and Mildred Dunnock. Staged by Mr. Coulouris and produced by Theatre Productions. Opens Wed., March 24. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Stars on Ice—A skating spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Benefit—The annual theatrical turnout and fashion show to help the Israel Orphan Asylum, Sat., March 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

Children's Entertainment—Sue Hastings' Marionettes in "Winnie the Pooh," Sat., March 27, at 3:45 P.M. (Junior League Clubhouse, 221 E. 71. BU 8-6220.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Presenting "Chopin Concerto," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Fri., March 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

José Limón—With the Humphrey-Weidman Company, Sat., March 20, at 8:45 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Argentinita—With her company, Sun., March 21, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—Continuing a series of recitals, Sun., March 21, at 8:45 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Martha Graham—With her group, Sat., March 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is pleasant and decorous, and a fine place for serious dancing. Larry Siry's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin heads the ice show in the Bowman Room. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mainly swing, with Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical retreat, with a fairly elaborate show headed by Jimmy Durante. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular

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LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular spot among people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Sonny Kendis's orchestra supplies the dance music in this decorative spot, and there's also a small show.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is fine for your more lofty moments. Stanley Melba's orchestra is there, as well as a dance team. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—John Hoysradt is doing those sketches of his in the Persian Room, where the music is by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room. . . . You'll find Bob Simone's and Freddy Miller's orchestras downstairs in the Maisonette, where there's a good deal of emphasis on Viennese waltzes.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbello's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge, the piano-playing comedian, is in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour and Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra plays there all evening. Mischa Borr's orchestra helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is on hand in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan is by no means the only competent entertainer here. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): among others, there's Spivy herself, singing those hearty songs. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also Paula Laurence. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this big, softly lighted room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the cozy log fire should make you feel clandestine.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske has settled down in this large and lavish place, which also offers Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although Algerians might have trouble recognizing it; Don Maya's orchestra and a small show; tea dancing Sat. and Sun. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and a show. . . . **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): Sheila Barrett and Walter O'Keefe head the entertainment; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Chavez's rumba band. . . . **MON PAREE,** 142 E. 53 (EL 5-7765): big, stylish murals, a medium-sized show, a fairly small dance floor, and Bill Glass's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a small, comfortable place, with Ron Perry's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett and Joshua White. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

●

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** *B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the* Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal, at least. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a show headed by Diosa Costello, with Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band—all in a tropical setting. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show. . . . **FROLICS,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-8990): a fairly new place with fairly new talent, except for Benny Davis, who sings all those old songs of his. . . . **IB CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): the humor of

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 27.

Frankie Hyers and Pat Harrington isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Ammons and Johnson and Georgie James's orchestra are there, and so are the Revuers, with their songs and their foolishness. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon, is playing in this downtown landmark. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio and Coleman Hawkins.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

ABSTRACT—At the **VALENTINE,** 55 E. 57: sixteen new paintings by Francesco Cristofanetti. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., March 19. . . . **PINACOTHECA,** 20 W. 58: oils and drawings by Byron Browne. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31. . . . **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: seventh annual show of the American Abstract Artists, with works by A. E. Gallatin, Hananiah Harari, Fernand Léger, Piet Mondrian, and others. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 25. . . . **WILLARD,** 32 E. 57: Herbert Bayer shows his new works. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 27.

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57—Georges Braque, Salvador Dali, Paul Klee, and other moderns showing two paintings apiece—one early, the other recent. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 10.

ARTISTS LEAGUE OF AMERICA—Paintings and sculptures on war themes by members of the League: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., March 25.

DEGAS—Twelve pastels, from 1878 to 1900: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

ARTHUR DOVE—A showing of his recent work: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., March 25.

FRENCH—Oils, gouaches, and water colors by Dufy, Utrillo, Vlaminck, and other members of the School of Paris: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 20.

WILLIAM GROPPER—Oils and water colors of the last few years, with war as the principal theme: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 3.

GROUPS—At the **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: paintings by André Derain, Chaim Soutine, Bernard Lamotte, and other moderns. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 20. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: works by Yovan Radenkovitch, Saul Berman, Maurice Sterne, and other contemporary Americans. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 27. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: oils and prints by Max Ernst, André Masson, Joan Miró, and others, showing the influence of war on their work. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 3. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: recent canvases by new and old members of this gallery's large group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 3. . . . **MONTROSS,** 785 5 Ave., at 60: a new showing of works by Alan Brown, Percy Albee, and others associated with this gallery. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 2. . . . **NORLYST,** 59 W. 56: this gallery's first exhibition includes works by Sarah Berman, Sally Mewhinney, and Byron Thomas. Tues., 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

CARL HOFER—Figures, flowers, and landscapes painted before 1939; also, a group show by American and European artists: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 31.

AUGUSTUS JOHN—A selection of oils and drawings by the British artist; also, paintings by Bruce Mitchell, Everett Shinn, Max Weber, and others: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 17.

JOE JONES—Wheat fields and other landscapes by this Missouri-born artist: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 27.

MORRIS KANTOR—A group of recent oils, with Cape Cod and the war as subject matter: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 27.

PAUL KLEE AND ANDRÉ MASSON—Paintings by two moderns, contrasted with examples of primitive sculpture: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 27.

MATTA—Crayon and pencil drawings, as well as water colors: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 5.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Prize-winning paintings, sculptures, and prints from the "Artists for Victory" exhibition (through March 31); also, prints and color reproductions of the work of Pieter Breughel the Elder (through May 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Realism and surrealism contrasted in a showing of works by American painters (through Sun., March 21); original drawings and photographs made for *Yank*, featuring the work of Sergeant Howard Brodie (through April 18); and Peter Blume's "The Eternal City," recently acquired by the Museum. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Americans, including Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, Werner Drewes, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 30.

NINETEENTH CENTURY—Paintings by Corot, Degas, Monet, and other artists: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

SOUTH AMERICAN—Paintings by Luis Herrera Guevara, of Chile, and monotypes in color and black-and-white by Demetrio Urruchua, of Argentina: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 20.

MAX WEBER—Recent paintings by a veteran American modernist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 3.

WILLIAM ZORACH—A selection of wood and stone sculptures in his first one-man show in twelve years: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 27.

HERE AND THERE—At the **ST. ETIENNE,** 46 W. 57: portraits and landscapes by Eugen Spiro. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 20. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB,** 15 Gramercy Pk. S.: paintings and sculptures by members of the club. Weekdays 12 noon to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Fri., March 26. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: first one-man show of landscapes and figures by Joseph Li Marzi. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., March 19. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: first New York exhibit of oils, water colors, and drawings by Paul Wieghardt. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 20. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: a showing of recent oils by John Hartell. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 20. . . . **ARTISTS',** 43 W. 55: flower and figure paintings by Sarah Berman. Weekdays 1 to 7 P.M.; through Mon., March 22. . . . **WAKEFIELD,** 64 E. 55: drawings in color by Wolfgang Schulz Wols and Andre Racz. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 27. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 18 E. 57: Marcel Vertès shows his versatility in various media. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 10. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: recent paintings of Maine by Dahlov Ipcar. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 3.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

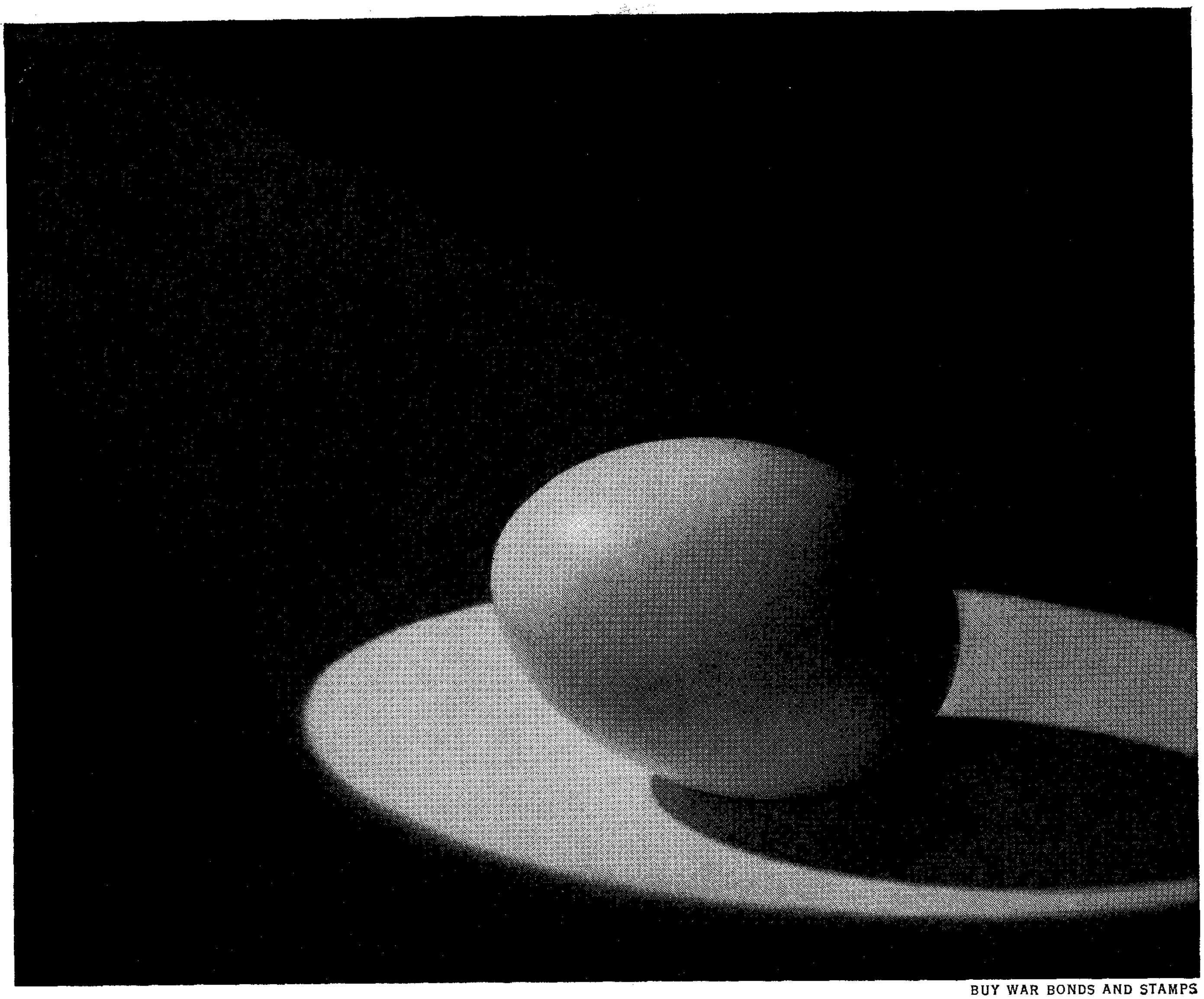
PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Efrem Kurtz conducting: Thurs., March 18, at 8:45 P.M.; Sat., March 20, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., March 21, at 3 P.M. Fritz Reiner conducting: Thurs., March 25, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 26, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., March 27, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Joseph Szigeti, March 25-26; Hortense Monath, March 27.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolf Ganz conducting, Sat., March 20, at 11 A.M.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting; soloist, Claudio Arrau: Carnegie Hall, Tues., March 23, at 8:45 P.M.

N.B.C. SYMPHONY—Arturo Toscanini conducting; a benefit for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis: Carnegie Hall, Wed., March 24, at 8:30 P.M.

UKRAINIAN LEONTOVICH CHORUS—Frank H. Ilchuk conducting: Town Hall, Sun., March 21, at 3 P.M.

MOZART CONCERTO SERIES—Final concert, with Clar-



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The egg of the month

"The one egg we are allotted each month is rarely obtainable in the shops, and if bought in the black market, costs about fifty cents. The hens are so poorly nourished they won't lay. I know a priest in a village near Cannes who will perform the marriage ceremony only for eggs, and refuses to accept money."

Quoted from "How We Live in France," in the January, 1943, *Reader's Digest*, condensed from December 15, 1942, *Vogue*.

IF YOU could eat only one egg a month, think what a banquet that egg would be! . . . The tragedy of France serves to accent America's good fortune. Hens here are well-nourished — and working overtime to help keep you well-nourished, too!

Much of the credit goes to poultrymen who are now feeding their flocks scientifically prepared emulsions of buttermilk, cheese whey, wheat germ, fish oil, and other ingredients.

American poultrymen use several million pounds of this specialized, protective feed every month — with remarkable results, reported in their letters. The feed helps chicks grow fast and resist disease. Added to the diet of hens, it encourages production of more and more eggs.

This balancing feed first grew out of an effort to make milk by-products more useful. It was developed in National Dairy laboratories and proved on a National Dairy experimental farm. It employs many million pounds of by-products, once wasted but now helping to increase the egg supply of the United Nations.

Yet this is only a small part of the broad research program which National Dairy carries on constantly . . . research *over and above* the tremendous day-by-day job of supplying quality-controlled milk and milk products to millions of American families.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of milk as a human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farm and in the towns and cities of America.

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Originators of the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ence Adler and the National Orchestral Association Alumni Orchestra; Leon Barzin conducting: Town Hall, Tues., March 23, at 8:45 P.M.

CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—First of four concerts, with Adolf Busch and his Chamber Music Players, assisted by Rudolf Serkin, the New Choral Group, and others: Town Hall, Fri., March 26, at 8:45 P.M.

ORIGINAL DON COSSACK CHORUS—Serge Jaroff conducting: Metropolitan Opera House (PE 6-1210), Fri. and Sat., March 26-27, at 8:40 P.M.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Josef Hofmann, Sat., March 20, at 3 P.M.; Fritz Kreisler, a Red Cross benefit, Mon., March 22, at 8:30 P.M. . . . CARNEGIE CHAMBER MUSIC HALL: Robert Goldsand, Wed., March 24, at 8:30 P.M.

TOWN HALL—Emile Baume, Sun., March 21, at 8:45 P.M.; George Chavchavadze, Mon., March 22, at 8:30 P.M.; Nelson Eddy, Wed., March 24, at 8:30 P.M.

ELSEWHERE—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53 (for tickets, call MO 2-3302): the last concert in a festival of American chamber music, performed by players from the Juilliard Graduate School, Fri., March 19, at 8:15 P.M. . . . WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL, 40 Irving Pl., at 16 (for tickets, call ST 9-1391): Rudolf Serkin, Sat., March 20, at 8:30 P.M. . . . SHERRY'S, 300 Park, at 49 (for tickets, call PL 3-4571): Lily Pons and Alexander Uninsky, a benefit for French war prisoners, Wed., March 24, at 9 P.M.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Fri. Eve., March 19; "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and "Dance of the Hours," Sat. Aft., March 20; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., March 20, final performance of the winter season. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SALMAGGI OPERA—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Sun., March 21, at 2:45 P.M.; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sun., March 21, at 8:15 P.M. (Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-9177.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden—National Invitation Tournament: Creighton vs. Washington and Jefferson, and Toledo vs. Manhattan, Thurs., March 18; Fordham vs. Western Kentucky State, and St. John's vs. Rice, Mon., March 22; semifinals, Sat., March 27; at 8:15 P.M. . . . National Collegiate Athletic Association Tournament: Eastern semifinals, Wed., March 24; Eastern final, Thurs., March 25; at 8:15 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Sammy Angott vs. Willie Pep, catchweights, 10 rounds, a benefit for boxing's fund for the armed services, Fri., March 19; Johnny Greco vs. Cleo Shans, lightweights, 10 rounds, a benefit for the Canadian Army Relief Fund, Fri., March 26. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts start at 10.

FENCING—Salle Santelli, 32 University Pl., at 9: Intercollegiate Fencing Association Championships, Fri. and Sat., March 19-20, at 2 and 8 P.M. . . . Metropolitan Open Individual Foil Championship, Sun., March 21, at 2:30 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden: amateur-series playoff games, Sun., March 21, at 1:30 and 7:15 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BUILDING, 405 Lexington, at 42: an exhibition and demonstration, assembled by the Army, of weapons, ranging from pistols to howitzers, of the kinds being used by our forces in North Africa, together with pieces of equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 15. . . . ROCKEFELLER PLAZA: the first of a series of outdoor exhibits under the supervision of the Office of War Information, illustrating the accomplishments and aims of the United Nations. Among the features are short recorded addresses, repeated at frequent intervals, by Roosevelt, Churchill, and, in their native tongues, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek. Daily 8:30 A.M. to dusk; through April 11.

RED CROSS BENEFITS—A three-day United Nations Fiesta, sponsored by the Pen and Brush Club, with, among the highlights, a sale of paintings and autographed books: Fine Arts Bldg., 215 W. 57, Fri. and Sat., March 19-20, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., March 21, 2 to 10 P.M. . . . A Latin-American program, with Bidu Sayao, Veloz and Yolanda, Claudio Arrau, Xavier Cugat and his orchestra, and other entertainment: Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69, Thurs., March 18, at 8:30 P.M. (For tickets, call CI 6-9882.)

ENGLISH CARICATURES—Original drawings and reproductions of works by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Gillray, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century illustrators: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 31.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 27.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Six hundred prints in a show sponsored by the Pictorial Photographers of America and several Pan-American groups: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 79. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., March 21.

FLOWER SHOW—An exhibition of spring flowers, for the benefit of the Red Cross: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57. Thurs. and Fri., March 18-19, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ON THE AIR—Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, in a series of broadcasts, Fri. Eves. at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Fri., March 19 and 26, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Boston Symphony, Richard Burgin conducting, Sat., March 20, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Efrem Kurtz conducting, Sun., March 21, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sun., March 21, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov and Frederick Jagel, and "Pagliacci," with Licia Albanese and Giovanni Martinelli, Sat., March 20, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Boxing: Sammy Angott vs. Willie Pep, Fri., March 19; Johnny Greco vs. Cleo Shans, Fri., March 26; at 10 P.M., WOR.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Old Staffordshire ware, Chelsea, Worcester, and Derby porcelains, and American and European silver and rugs, from the collection of the late Mary Margaret Yeager: Thurs. through Sat., March 18-20, at 2 P.M. . . . Books, autograph letters, musical manuscripts, and Audubon prints, from the Yeager collection and other sources: Tues. and Wed., March 23-24, at 2 P.M. . . . Chinese art objects, including porcelains of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties and Ch'ien Lung jades, collected by the late Agnes H. Forbes and others: Wed. and Thurs., March 24-25, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

AIR FORCE—A story, with no nonsense, about action in the Pacific in December, 1941. A Flying Fortress plays the major rôle and John Garfield a minor one. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

AT THE FRONT—This half-length feature made in Africa, in Technicolor, by the Signal Corps, has some of the best plane and tank sequences of the war. (Paramount, B'way at 43; Criterion, B'way at 44; Astor, B'way at 45; Globe, B'way at 46; Strand, B'way at 47; Rivoli, B'way at 49; Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; Capitol, B'way at 51; and Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

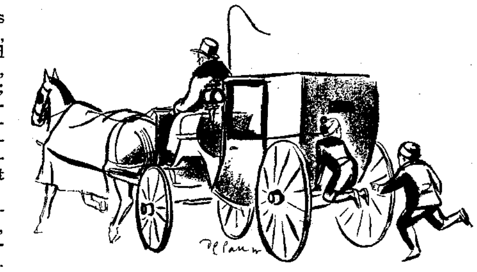
CHINA GIRL—Wild and woolly story about ruckuses in the Far East—more mature than most. Gene Tierney, George Montgomery, and Victor McLaglen. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., March 20-22.)

THE HUMAN COMEDY—William Saroyan's disregard of form turns out fine in the movies, although his heavy optimism doesn't always. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and Jack Jenkins. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

IMMORTAL SERGEANT—Not York this time, but a certain British sergeant in the Libyan Desert. Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; tentative, Tues. through Fri., March 23-26.)

IN WHICH WE SERVE—Noel Coward has done well as the biographer of a British destroyer. He is in the cast, too. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., March 18. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., March 20. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Mon., March 22. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., March 24-27.)

JOURNEY INTO FEAR—Spooky enough adaptation by Orson Welles, and with Orson Welles, of Eric Ambler's novel about spies in the Near East. Also with Joseph Cotten and Dolores del Rio. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; through Mon., March 22. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., March 24.)



KEEPER OF THE FLAME—Story of pretty epic proportions concerning a reporter who finds out the ugly political truth about a dead hero. Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30—Monty Woolley, with his whiskers and his repartee, as an actor who would rather drink. Ida Lupino is also in it. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., March 19. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., March 20. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., March 21-23. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Wed. through Fri., March 24-26.)

SALUDOS AMIGOS—An erratic Disney, most of it good, about South America. Featuring Donald Duck and others. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; through Mon., March 22. . . . R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed, March 24.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT—A peaceful family is very nearly disrupted by one mysterious uncle. Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright, and Henry Travers. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., March 19. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., March 22. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., March 19-22. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., March 21-22. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Tues., March 23.)

WE ARE THE MARINES—The March of Time's almost full-length film about what a marine is made of. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., March 23-25.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—A grand, big musical show in itself and, incidentally, a bit of the history of the late George M. Cohan, who is impersonated ably by James Cagney. Also with Jeanne Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., March 18. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Sat., March 20. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Tues., March 23. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., March 20-23. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., March 22-23.)

THE YOUNG MR. PITT—Some of the best pre-Churchill speeches to come out of Parliament are featured in this British film about Britain vs. Napoleon. Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Tues., March 23.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1939)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare in Russia. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., March 18.)

BALLERINA (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., March 19.)

BEAU GESTE (1939)—The Foreign Legion and Gary Cooper in the desert. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., March 23-24.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940)—Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., March 19.)

KINGS ROW (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., March 21-22. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; tentative, Wed. through Fri., March 24-26.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—A serious biographical sketch. In French, with Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. and Mon., March 21-22.)

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., March 18.)

MAN HUNT (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., March 23-25.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER (1942)—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in the Kaufman-Hart comedy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., March 19.)

THE MORTAL STORM (1940)—Hitler's effect on one German family. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., March 18.)

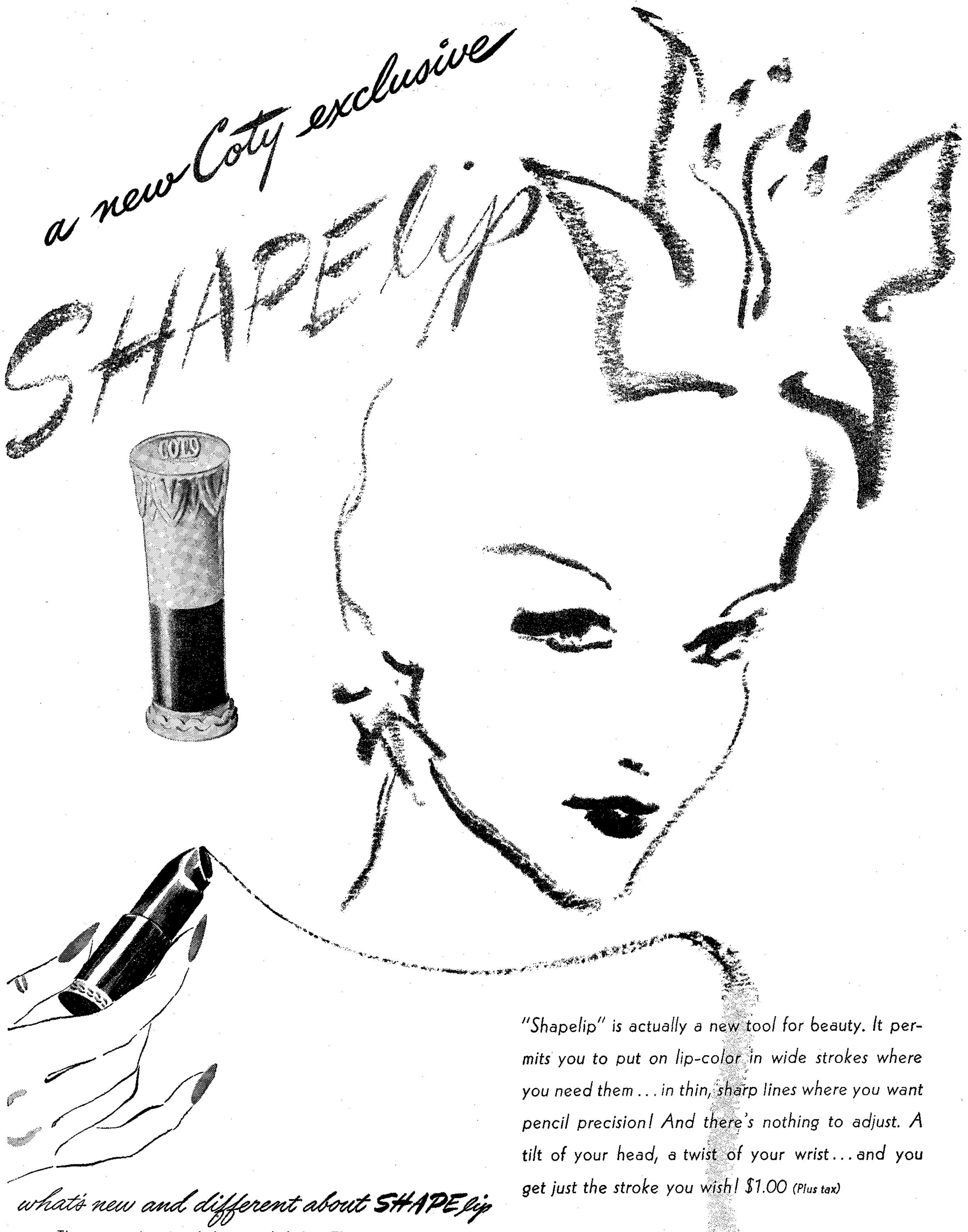
SEVENTH HEAVEN (1937)—The old tearjerker—remember? With Simone Simon and James Stewart. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., March 20-23.)

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., March 19-22.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Fri., March 19.)

TORTILLA FLAT (1942)—The Steinbeck novel about California *paisanos.* Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, and Frank Morgan. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., March 18.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., MARCH 18: "Blonde Crazy"



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1931), Joan Blondell, James Cagney; and "Sex Life of a Polyp" (1928), Robert Benchley. **FRI. AND SAT., MARCH 19-20:** "En Natt" (1931), in Swedish. **SUN. AND MON., MARCH 21-22:** "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), Greta Garbo, Clark Gable. **TUES. AND WED., MARCH 23-24:** "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—In Manhattan, the agency best prepared to assign volunteers to wartime emergency jobs is the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), which is in direct charge of much of the work here and also helps line up civilians who want to serve with the Red Cross and American Women's Voluntary Services. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. telephone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O., all of about equal importance, are for (1) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (2) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (3) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) women to serve the Army's Auxiliary Aircraft Warning Service by working five and a half hours every other day, or one shift a week from 12 to 8 A.M., plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (5) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then serve at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions; (6) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then work as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing and salvage.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. to serve as spot workers on short-notice jobs.

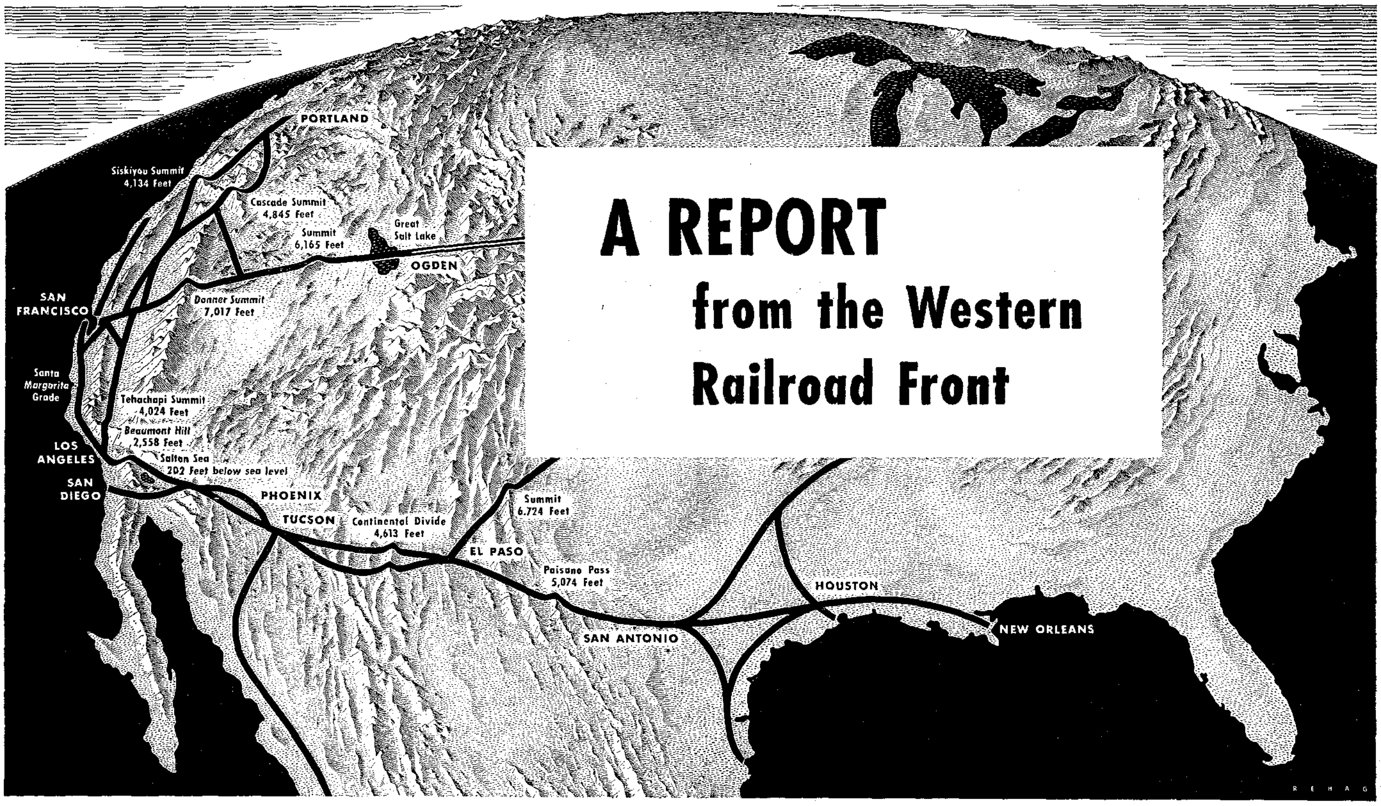
SALVAGE—The need for kitchen fat, which is used in the manufacture of explosives, is still acute, and rubber, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal are just as urgently wanted as ever. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre for kitchen fat. Strain whatever fat you have (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings) into any clean, wide-mouthed can and keep it in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to accept. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rubber, rags, and scrap metal in *amounts of fifty pounds or more and, in the case of* smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . To prepare tin cans for salvage, remove the labels and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press them almost flat. Your building superintendent will see that they get into the right hands.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are wanted for making gunpowder bags and parachutes, among other things. Most department stores have collection depots in their hosiery departments.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Outside the city, arrangements for volunteering and salvage are not as uniform as they might be; some communities are well organized along these lines and others aren't. The local police should be able to direct you to the proper agency, but if they are no help, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

DONATIONS—The Red Cross is very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute radios, portable phonographs, records, wooden clothes hangers, and playing cards for Army and Navy recreation centres. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. . . . The Army is looking for dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, pack, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements.

NOTE—Under the guidance of the C.D.V.O., a dozen or more Consumer Service Centres have been set up, where anyone puzzled by rationing and other problems of adjusting to a wartime economy may go for enlightenment. You can find out which centre is nearest you by calling the Consumer Division of the C.D.V.O., LE 2-2870.


PORTLAND
Siskiyou Summit 4,134 Feet
Cascade Summit 4,845 Feet
Summit 6,165 Feet
Great Salt Lake
OGDEN
SAN FRANCISCO
Donner Summit 7,017 Feet
Santa Margarita Grade
Tehachapi Summit 4,024 Feet
Beaumont Hill 2,558 Feet
Salton Sea 202 Feet below sea level
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO
PHOENIX
TUCSON
Continental Divide 4,613 Feet
Summit 6,724 Feet
EL PASO
Paisano Pass 5,074 Feet
HOUSTON
SAN ANTONIO
NEW ORLEANS
REHAG

A REPORT from the Western Railroad Front

This map shows the major summits on Southern Pacific Lines.

Everywhere on this map the war trains are rolling.

All night long you can hear them whistling to each other in the lonely mountain passes. All day you can see them rumbling across the deserts.

From New Orleans in the deep South to San Francisco by the Golden Gate. From Ogden in Utah's gaunt Wasatch Mountains. From Portland in the evergreen Pacific Northwest, from Tucumcari, from San Antonio, from El Paso on the Rio Grande. Over Donner Summit, Cascade Summit and the Siskiyous. Through Paisano Pass and Carriso Gorge. Across the Sabine River, the Neches, the Pecos, the Colorado. Everywhere on Southern Pacific's 15,000 miles of line, the war trains are rolling.

Trainloads of men bound for "somewhere in the Pacific." Trainloads of tanks and guns. Trainloads of steel for the sprawling shipyards in the San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland areas. Trainloads of engines and parts for the humming aircraft plants. Thousands of war trains rolling westward.

This is a report from Southern Pacific, the West's biggest railroad. Like all American railroads, we need more men, more cars and locomotives to do the job. Like all American railroads, we are doing our best with what we have.

Look at the map. See how our lines converge on the Pacific Coast, the springboard for our offensive against Japan. Add to this the fact that we serve more military and naval establishments than any other railroad, and you can see how grave is our responsibility to our country. The war trains *must* come first.

Yet the other trains must roll, too. Long yellow "reefer" trains loaded with western fruits and vegetables important to the nation's health ... 50,000 carloads of lettuce from California and Arizona ... 60,000 cars of oranges and lemons and grapefruit from Southern California, Southern Arizona and the Rio Grande Valley down in Texas. Trainloads of lumber from Oregon and Washington for cantonments and emergency housing. Trainloads of salt from Louisiana, sulphur from Texas and potash from Trona for explosives and chemicals. Trainloads of oil and gasoline from California and Texas. Copper from Arizona, Nevada and Utah. Cement. Sand. Gravel. Cattle. Sheep. Thousands of trains rolling east with the war trains insistently pouring west!

We are moving it all over a railroad that crosses more mountain ranges than any other in the country—with ten major summits, from the 2,500-foot hump at Beaumont Hill to the 7,000-foot Donner Pass, where the average annual snowfall is *thirty-six feet*, and great rotary plows whine through the drifts.

Our dispatchers are putting more trains over the line than they ever dreamed they could. And the old-timers don't talk about the "good old days" any more. They're *really* railroading now!

Many people did not believe we could carry the load we are carrying now. Our whole organization of 90,000 men and women is on its toes, thrilled to have an important part in the war effort and determined to keep 'em rolling.

A. T. MERCIER, *President*

S·P

The Friendly Southern Pacific

Headquarters: 65 Market St., San Francisco, California

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL TOTALLY MOBILIZED FOR WAR

the Altman Basic* Dress for spring... a beautiful simple dress that changes its character when you change your accessories. Play it up dramatically with color and exciting accents. Play it down with smart tailored touches. Two-piece effect in black, navy or grey rayon crepe. Worn with or without simulated pearl-studded belt. Sizes 10 to 20. 29.95. Altman misses' fashions, third floor

*trademark

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Long Island ducks, we have learned, invariably get excited during blackouts, scampering about their houses with shouts of alarm, losing feathers and breaking eggs. We mentioned this striking fact to an air-raid warden who has given the best year of his life to enforcing blackouts in his neighborhood, and he said he had observed somewhat the same phenomenon among people—when the siren sounds they partially douse the floor lamp by putting it under the bed and then try to bathe the dog, or they try to clean out the clothes closet by match light. Apparently, he said, it requires an I.Q. well above that of a Long Island duck to turn out one's lights and just sit quietly in the dark for half an hour.

We knew all along that if we let ourself get interested in the pay-as-you-go plan it would end in unhappiness; we're sorry now that Beardsley Ruml ever brought it up. The trouble is that our lawmakers are not geared to simplicity; a proposal that offers no foothold for revision or compromise has no more chance than a snowball. As we write, Congress is presumably giving the plan formal consideration, but we know better than to hope. What will probably emerge from all the discussion is a plan by which we will be perpetually taxed on our earnings for both the preceding and the current year. And, no doubt, as a sop to the Ruml faction (which apparently consists of everybody but Congress, the President, and the Treasury Department), the new program will be named the Ruml Pay-As-You-Go Plan.

One of the questions on our income-tax blank brought us up short, but only for a moment; in these stern times even an ordinary civilian learns to size up a situation and make a quick decision. The question, which was No. 4, Page 2, read, in its entirety, "Was the rate of your salary or wages increased or decreased after October 3, 1942, and before the end of your taxable year? (Yes or no.)" Instead of bellowing and pounding our desk, as we would have done a few years ago, we simply reread the question, to make sure that we had grasped its import correctly, and then, as instructed, answered, simply and quietly, "Yes." Ours not to reason why, we always say.

One way or another, Abercrombie & Fitch hold our attention. Last week they advertised naval officers' regulation raincoats, $37.50, including removable lining. The advertisement contained a sketch of an officer wearing the raincoat in question. The artist had depicted him not standing a watch in heavy weather but standing on a city street corner. And what was he doing on the street corner? Why, he was hailing a taxicab.

We have our own notions about that roll of currency ($1,470) a mailman found in a letter box at Third Avenue and Twelfth Street. After reading and rereading the newspaper accounts, we have pretty well cleared up the case. To begin with, all the letters in the box were tightly sealed, so the money must have been stuffed through the slot in a wad. Elementary. Now, a superintendent of mails, a postal inspector, Postmaster Goldman, and Detectives John Gallagher and John O'Hara think that some "hoarder" put the currency in the mailbox. They base this conclusion on the fact that the outside bill was "smudgy." We are unimpressed by such reasoning. The explanation is simple. The money was stuffed into the mailbox by one of the plain, ordinary advanced thinkers with which the city now swarms. He had reached the inevitable conclusion that money is no longer money. You gotta have coupons.

We are not in close touch with the Hollywood assembly line, but our bet is that one of the big companies is at work on a picture about a Wave who loves a sailor contrary to regulations, another on a picture about a girl Marine who foolishly desires a boy Marine, and so on. Here is obvious plot material. Frankly, we are amazed that the dilemma of love among the services has not already reached the movie houses.

There is probably a way of doing the whole thing up in one picture, and maybe that would be a godsend. You could have a lieutenant (junior grade) hopelessly attracted by a beautiful little Wave who in turn craves a corporal of Marines (a legitimate passion) and the corporal likes her, too, but this lieutenant (junior grade) is in command of an invasion barge in which the Marine is riding and in a jealous pet he runs his boat on a barrier reef, hoping to drown his rival, who is not as good a swimmer as he is, when a plane appears carrying a high Navy official accompanied by his secretary, who, by a coincidence, is this now girl, and she bails out in a desperate attempt to help the corporal, who is struggling in the surf and whom the regulations permit her to marry, but she becomes disillusioned when she finally gets ashore and finds him with a native girl (unregulated) who had pulled him out of the water and had not relaxed her hold even on dry land. So the Wave turns to the lieutenant (junior grade), more or less

on the rebound and contrary to regulations, and is contemplating a secret marriage when his treachery is exposed by a technical sergeant in the Army Engineers who saw the entire incident from a bridge he was building and who is wildly in love with the Wave's ex-roommate, a Vassar girl about to join the Waacs and marry him besides, the Army being broad-minded about such matters. Just how this story will end we leave to older hands at the game than ourself. The important thing is to see that the picture is made and get it over with.

Presentation

WE were on hand last Friday afternoon at the arrival in town, by way of LaGuardia Field, of Corporal Barney Ross of the Marines, the former light- and welterweight champion who is credited with having expended twenty-two Japanese on Guadalcanal. The rallying point was a big, bare room at the Red Cross War Fund headquarters on West Forty-second Street, the Red Cross having got first dibs on Ross on account of its current drive. Along with every other journalist in the metropolitan area, we got there ahead of the Corporal, whose plane was late, and well before he arrived the press had begun to tap its feet. "I heard the photographers were going to get him first," a sportswriter said to a Red Cross official. "Will you see if you can fix that somehow?" "I'll try," said the Red Cross official. "Will you see that we get him before the reporters for a couple of minutes?" said a photographer to the same official a little later. "Sure," said the official. Meanwhile, a pair of photogenic Red Cross nurses sat waiting on a pair of chairs in a corner, their afternoon obviously all planned for them.

It was the photographers who won out when Ross, escorted by a Marine captain, finally showed up. As he was backed against a wall with the photogenic nurses, we noticed that his hair was grayer than we remembered it and that he carried a cane, but he looked healthily tanned withal. "Now you girls kiss him on both cheeks," said a photographer. "*Oh*, no," said an older nurse who was standing by, apparently in a supervisory capacity, "not in the Red Cross." "O.K., then you just put your arms around them, Barney," said another photographer. "My goodness," said the older nurse as Ross complied, "I wish Mr. Bramway was here." Still another photographer pushed his way through the crowd, hauling along a mild-looking man in a gray suit. "Say, here's the guy that's going to present him with the thing," he said to his colleagues. The guy turned out to be Mr. Colby Chester, currently chairman of the Red Cross War Fund of New York City, and the thing a citation which the Red Cross was giving Ross for bravery above and beyond the call of duty. The Messrs. Chester and Ross were duly snapped shaking hands.

After that the reporters had their inning in a mass interview, which Ross submitted to genially while the Marine captain looked on. Ross said his wounds on Guadalcanal were trifling and that he was carrying the cane because of arthritis. Questions were still coming like machine-gun bullets when the captain, alert to the requirements of Ross's timetable, interposed, "We'll miss Paramount if we don't get going." We noticed that lights and a movie camera had been set up at the other end of the room and that a number of men were fidgeting anxiously on the outskirts of the press. The captain didn't succeed in turning Ross over to Paramount right away, though, because the newspaper photographers got him again for further shots with the nurses. After they had taken one or two, Ross protested quietly to the effect that he was a little tired. "See, he's beginning to kick already," said one of the newsreel men nervously.

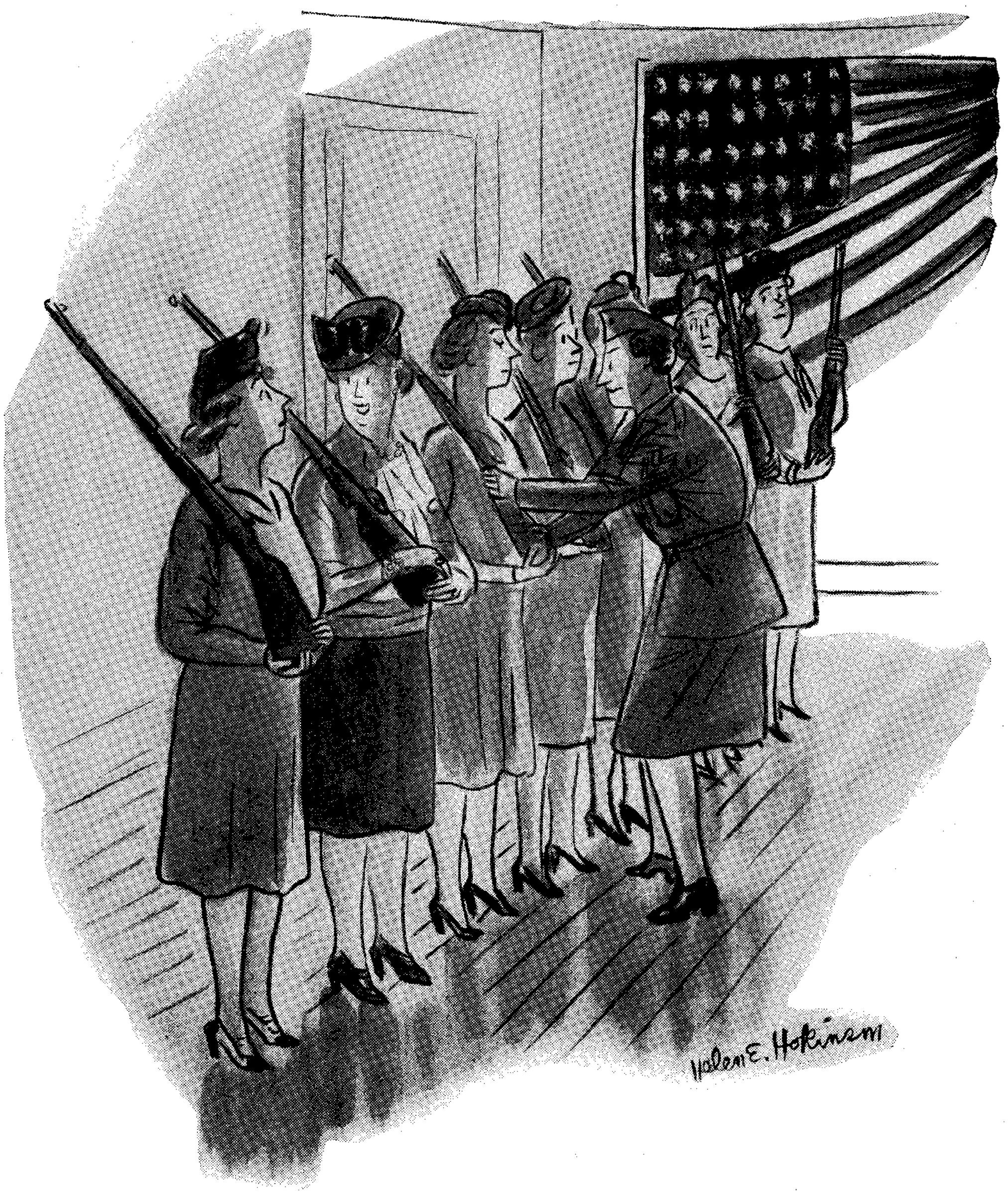
Before submitting to Paramount, Ross had a brief rest, during which he sat in a chair and signed autographs for a couple of Boy Scouts who had appeared from nowhere. Then he and Mr. Chester went before the camera, holding between them the citation. Mr. Chester was asked to run through his presentation speech once to determine something called his voice level. When that was straightened out, a Paramount man said to Ross, "Do you remember how you did it for us out on the Coast?" "I think so," Ross said. "O.K.," said Paramount, "just the same now, only give it a little more punch." "All right," said Ross. After the presentation had been recorded, on the third try, Mr. Chester stepped aside and there was a certain amount of preparation for the next shot, a closeup of Ross by himself. The distance from the camera to his head was measured a number of times before head and camera were satisfactorily located. Then the closeup was taken while Ross spoke extemporaneously in praise of his pals on Guadalcanal. After that his reception was over and he went out by a back exit, followed by the captain and, at some distance, the Boy Scouts.

Upstart

SCRIBNER'S rare-book man has just acted as agent in a deal whereby a lady in London sold a batch of original MSS. to a Philadelphia collector. While the dickering was in progress, the lady made it plain that she was selling only in order to raise money for war relief work but that even so she wasn't willing to sell to just anybody. Scribner's wrote her at length about the Philadelphia party, informing her that he was highly regarded in the book world. They added that she needn't worry about the MSS. ever being put on the market again, since the prospective purchaser intended to will them to the Princeton University library. This raised a fresh doubt in the lady's mind. Would they please, she wrote, tell her something about this Princeton University? For instance, how did it compare with Harvard, Yale, or the University of Virginia? Scribner's said the only possible thing and the deal went through.

Sartorial Expert

AMERICAN soldiers in Alaska and the Aleutians are wearing a modification of the traditional Eskimo parka, for which they are indebted in part to Sir Hubert Wilkins, the explorer, who is one of a group of experienced civilians now working with the War Department on men's wear for the Arctic, desert, and jungle. Sir Hubert, who has been thus engaged since last June, makes his headquarters in the Office of the Quartermaster General in Washington but is a peripatetic consultant. He got back to this region recently after two and a half months in Alaska, where he had been testing special combat clothes, and we had an opportunity to ask about the parka and allied matters. "The idea of a parka is the same as that of a flue," he



*"It means giving up the New Friends of Music,
but heavens,* I *don't mind!"*

told us succinctly. "It acts like a chimney on a stove, inducting the warm air from the bottom up. You keep the warm air in by closing the top. It is made of wool, or a mixture of wool and other fur fibres, woven in piles, like a carpet. The pile must be strong enough to hold the fabric away from the body, allowing the air to go up. Men fighting in the Arctic may have to go for weeks without a bath. They may also have to crawl on their stomachs. The parka, which is a tubular, pullover garment, has no scraping buttons to bother them in that position. Furthermore, it gives the wounded man a maximum of protection."

Continuing, Sir Hubert informed us that the exigencies of military life in the North call for up to six layers of clothing, counting a windproof camouflage covering. It's the Eskimo principle of layers. Sir Hubert and his associates are trying to work things out so that the inside three layers can be worn in, say, the State of Washington, the fourth added when a soldier gets fairly far North, and the fifth and sixth when he is far North and, perhaps, fighting. "Soldiers are well trained in the use of weapons," said Sir Hubert, "but not in the use of apparel. Their psychological resistance to certain types of clothing, such as the parka, must be overcome by education. After all, the use of the rifle isn't natural to the average man. He acquires it through training."

Sir Hubert thinks that the Russian winter successes over the Germans are partly due to their mastery of adjustable apparel, that the air circulation provided by chimneylike garments will also prove useful in jungle fighting, and that American troops in the Aleutians have often got into trouble through sartorial inexperience. "A fellow's fingers or toes get cold," he said. "Then they lose all feeling and he thinks they're better. Actually, they're frozen. He walks several miles and when he comes back some of his fingers or toes have to be chopped off. When he was off in the field and his feet, for example, got cold, he didn't remove his socks. What he should have done was take off the socks, rub his feet, and then put his socks back on, inside out. This routine would have warmed his feet."

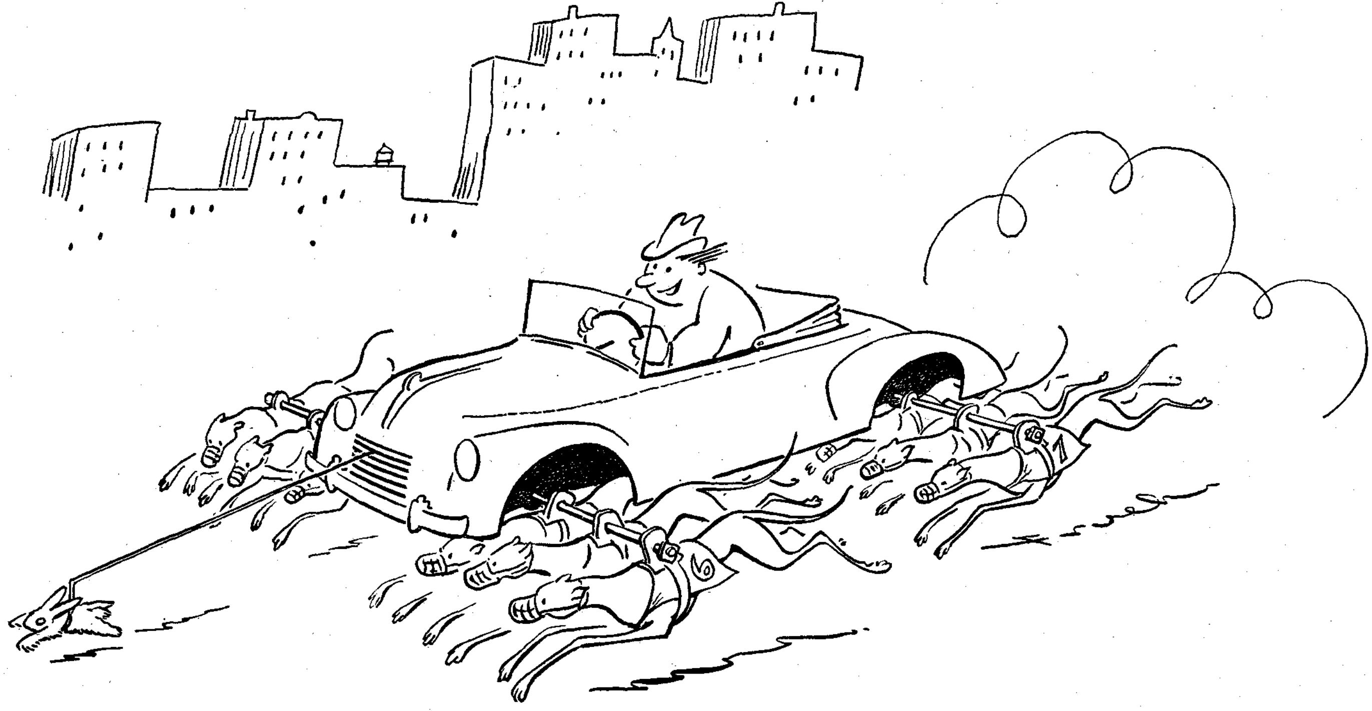
Sir Hubert, who was born in Australia and has so far been in seventy-two countries, has a desk in Washington, a farm in Pennsylvania, an apartment in New York, and another one in San Francisco. Lady Wilkins uses the last three far more than he does. In fourteen years of marriage he's never been home for over two months in any one year. Last year it was only twelve days. When sighted by us, he was wearing his customary beard and a dark blue non-tubular suit made by Norton & Sons of London, but we wouldn't want to guess what he's wearing as you read this. As he remarked to us, "I may be *anywhere* next week."

The Beautiful Army

William Saroyan has been mentioned a good deal in the press of late, what with his marriage and his new movie, but if you're not too fed up, perhaps you'd like a brief account of his arrival at the Wright Field barracks, near Dayton. Saroyan, who is a private in the Signal Corps, strode into the barracks as if it were Sardi's. Toiling along behind, with Saroyan's luggage, was a starry-eyed sergeant.

Friends and Influence

In case you've ever wondered what Dale Carnegie has been up to since he dropped out of the best-seller lists, we would report that he just keeps rollin' along. At the moment he's getting a new program launched over the Blue Network, a five-minute, five-times-a-week broadcast, as yet unsponsored, called "Little-Known Facts About Well-Known People." We were a studio guest on a night he gave with the little-known facts about Luther Burbank, beginning with the stark question "Do you like the taste of grapefruit?" After he had gone off the air, Carnegie



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remarked to us, "An amazing fellow. He never made much money, but money isn't everything, you know." "What's on the books for tomorrow?" his announcer asked. "I'm glad you asked that," Carnegie said winningly. "Yesterday I did Napoleon and Josephine, you know, and tomorrow I *was* going to do Stalin, but under the circumstances I have changed my mind. I'm going to do one of the most talked-about women in America, Mrs. Clara Boothe Luce." "Don't you mean 'talked-*of*'?" the announcer asked. Mr. Carnegie, plainly a man who can profit by his own teachings, said eagerly, "Oh my, my, yes—talked-*of*. You certainly show me you have been around." "And isn't it Clare, not Clara?" the announcer asked. "Clara, I *think*," Carnegie said firmly.

Carnegie is still the same dapper man he used to be, with glittering eyeglasses and a zealous handshake. He told us that his business had inevitably fallen off since 1937, when his book was selling feverishly and he had as many as thirty classes going at one time. The majority of his clients have always been inarticulate young men in their twenties; now, of course, few of them are free for such unregimented activities. Also, the people still in civilian life have little or no trouble getting ahead in the world. "Nowadays everybody just naturally gets ahead without even opening his mouth to think about it," Carnegie reminded us. He is far from idle, however. In addition to the radio program, he writes a daily column for a newspaper syndicate, has four classes of forty people each in New York, runs six branch schools in other parts of the country, and is writing a book entitled "How to Conquer Fear and Discouragement." Carnegie confided to us that he had recently eased himself through a trying session with his dentist by using his own anti-fear-and-discouragement principles.

We had heard that the local Junior League and the Cornell Club were among his recent clients. Carnegie confirmed this, explaining that the classes had been held at the headquarters of these organizations, but he was unable to remember whether either group had any special motive for taking his course. "They just wanted to be able to preside over meetings and so forth, I suppose," he said. We got the idea that, of the two, the Cornell Club was his favorite. "I suppose they were mostly engineers, or *like* engineers, and I would rather teach engineers than anything," he told us, enthusiasm in his tone. "I have taught twenty thousand people personally, at the Brooklyn Union Gas Company, the Sun Oil Company, and places like that, and always it was the engineers that I enjoyed teaching. That is because have you ever seen an insincere engineer? Besides, they're so bad to start with that it's a great joy to see them learn how to open their mouths without chewing their tongues up. I like to think that nowadays, when engineers are so important, I have been somewhat responsible for their being able to say quickly the things they now have to say quickly." Carnegie is having an even more direct influence on the war: his famous "How to Win Friends," etc., is being used as a textbook at the Army Air Forces officer-candidate school in Miami Beach. "That is the smartest thing I have yet heard about the Army," he told us. "I read an article in *Time* that said that in Germany the officers are kind to their men and find out their sisters' names and when their birthdays come. When every officer in our army knows the birthdays of his men's sisters, then we will really be fighting the war. That is real leadership."

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STIRRING conversational fragment, overheard in Grand Central Station: "No, he wasn't trying to commit a perfect crime. He was just trying to muddle through."

Seeds of Victory

ON one of the recent bright afternoons, we took the subway downtown to look in on a couple of big seedsmen and see how they are meeting the demand for raw materials for Victory gardens. The answer is fine, all things considered. Mr. Keegan, the vegetable-seed buyer at Vaughan's, on Barclay Street, reported that sales in his department are running five times heavier than in the same period last year and that they rose spectacularly after canned-goods rationing began. Daily totals for early March exceeded those for last mid-April, the usual peak. He said that he thinks that stocks will meet this year's demands all right because of the bumper seed crop last fall. The

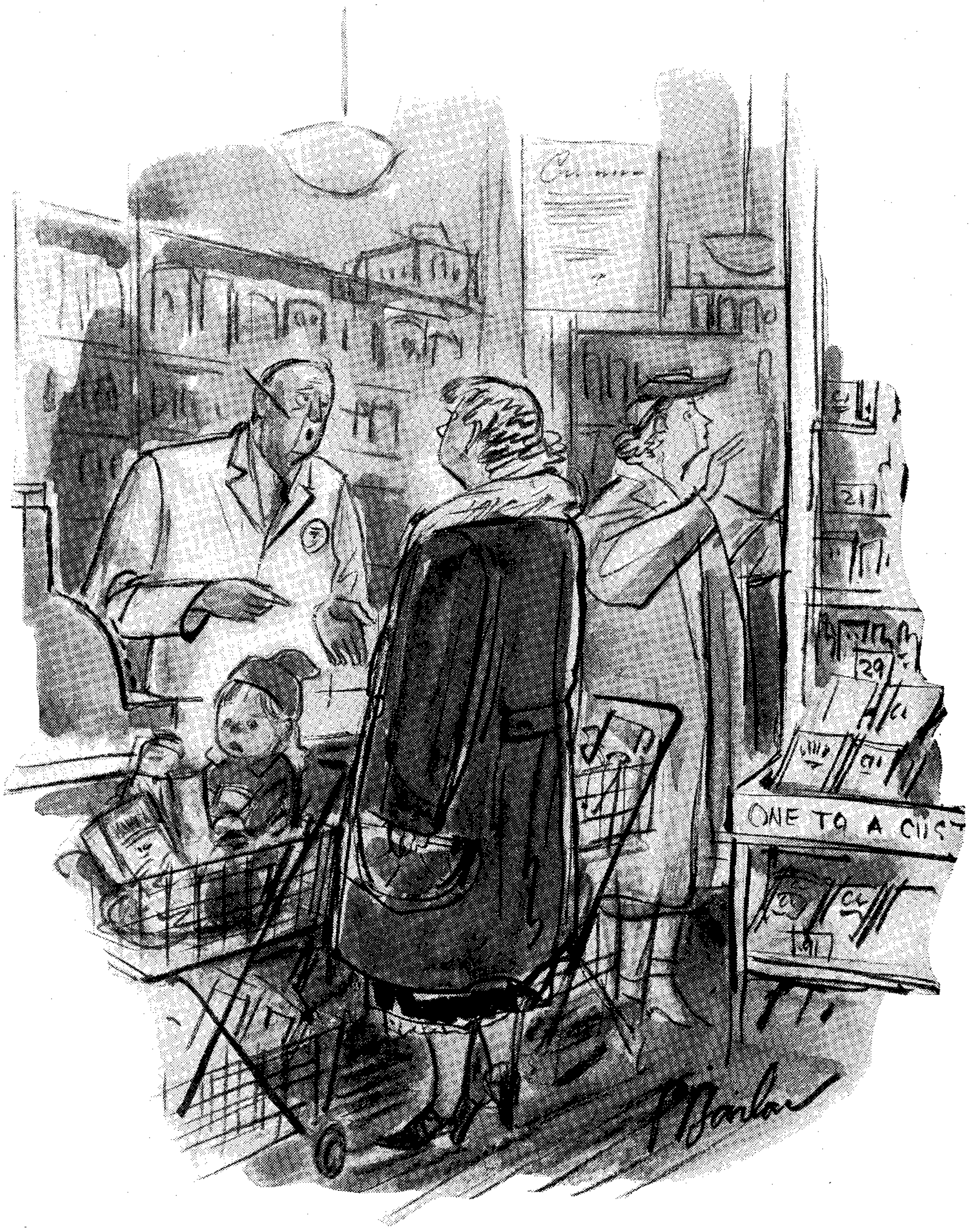
Victory gardener, he feels, has other problems than supply, however, some of them quite elemental. "We had a fellow in here yesterday," he said, "who told us he was going to plant carrots in cellophane so they wouldn't have to be washed when he pulled them up. Seriously, mind you. Oh, there's quite a bit of education necessary." A few blocks north, at the Stumpp & Walter Co., Mr. Sehlmeyer, their vegetable-seed man, told us that his department was also doing five times the usual business, adding, "If a client comes in any time this spring and asks for a good green bean, we are confident that we will be able to supply him, but if he asks specifically for Bountiful or Streamliner, that's another question. We may run out of those varieties temporarily." At least one out of three families in the greater city is in a position to start a Victory garden and seems to be doing it, Mr. Sehlmeyer said. This includes folk on Manhattan with terraces which get six hours' sun a day, many of whom are boldly planning to set out shallow-soil, quick-growing vegetables, like radishes, cress, mustard, and leaf lettuce, which do all right in such spots.

Leaving Mr. Sehlmeyer, we hung around on the selling floor at Stumpp & Walter for a while near a middle-aged clerk who was busily demonstrating a long-handled, five-prong Norcross cultivation hoe for an interested couple beside him. He was scratching the terrazzo floor of the store vigorously. "This cultivator will easily handle any seventy-five-by-twenty-foot plot in Queens," he said authoritatively. The couple bought it and left. The clerk's next customer was a man who said rapidly, "Let me have a packet of seeds of the eggplant, perennial member of the nightshade family; of the rutabaga, first found in Britain in pre-Christian times; and of lettuce, which Herodotus tells us was served on tables of the Persian kings twenty years before the Battle of Thermopylae." Any varieties of these would do, the man added. The clerk filled this order, with wild looks over his shoulder, and when the customer had gone remarked to a porter who had heard it all, "Well, I'll be damned. Must be on some radio quiz program."

The incident seemed to nettle the clerk a little, for he was rather sharp with the next patron, a stout lady who told him she was from Westbury and wondered about the propriety of using candytuft for beauty around the edges of her Victory garden. "Don't be so intent on charm, Madam," said the clerk. "Get in your tomatoes, your green vegetables, like spinach, and your yellow ones, such as carrots, like Secretary Wickard wants you to." The lady dropped further talk about candytuft and got down to business. She ordered the store's Victory Garden "C," a selection of twelve vegetables, in which are included Early Bird green peas, World Beater peppers, and Tendersweet carrots. She also purchased a dibble, spade, rake, and hoe. "With any luck at all this summer and fall," the salesman said, "you'll have the entire vegetable food required by a family of six." When the lady had gone, we stepped up and made a small purchase, thinking of our window boxes, which get six hours' sun a day. We ordered some Early Curled Simpson loose-leaved lettuce, Pepper Grass cress, and Crimson Giant radishes. We also bought a sprayer and some insecticide to cope with any aphids which may try to get between us and a future Victory salad.

Laggard

NOW a progressive-school anecdote, just like the good old days. This one's about a lad of five who attends a Friends school. Last week he brought home his quarterly report card. It showed that he had been doing well, on the whole. The only note of disapproval, in fact, was a pencilled remark, "Drawing immature."



"Don't you understand, Mrs. Higgins—the point values apply to weight ranges, not to the exact weight of a can, see? Now suppose you're going to have company in to dinner and you need an extra can of red cabbage, so what do you do? You . . ."

I ACCEPT WITH WIDESPREAD PLEASURE . . .

[EDITORS' NOTE: Although not greatly in demand as a dinner guest, Mr. E. B. White seems to have received an invitation to a gathering at the Fairfield County home of Congresswoman Clare Luce. He is, of course, aware that it is no longer "correct" to reply by sending a brief note to one's hostess and has therefore written a rather long, querulous acceptance and sent it direct to the press. We present it as a model of the formal acknowledgment in the changing world of fashion.]

DEAR MRS. LUCE:

THANKS so very much for your kind invitation to come to your house, which I accept with widespread pleasure. I assume, of course, that you have extended me this invitation because you want to see how I look when I eat and because you wish to know what thoughts I have on all subjects. In the heart of every invited guest there dwells the fear that he will be unnoticed at the party, that he will go all through dinner and the long grind afterward without leaving a single mark, a single hint of his character or his thoughts. No prospect is more cheerless. Since I am a bleak and inarticulate man, the chances of your discovering my true opinions are as small as most hostesses', so I am confiding them to the press, which I trust implicitly. Many things about Fairfield County disturb me, and some foods do, too. There is a disquieting and even explosive quality in two or three of the leafy vegetables which augurs ill for a serene occasion. My stomach is irritable. But I try, I try, I try, my dear.

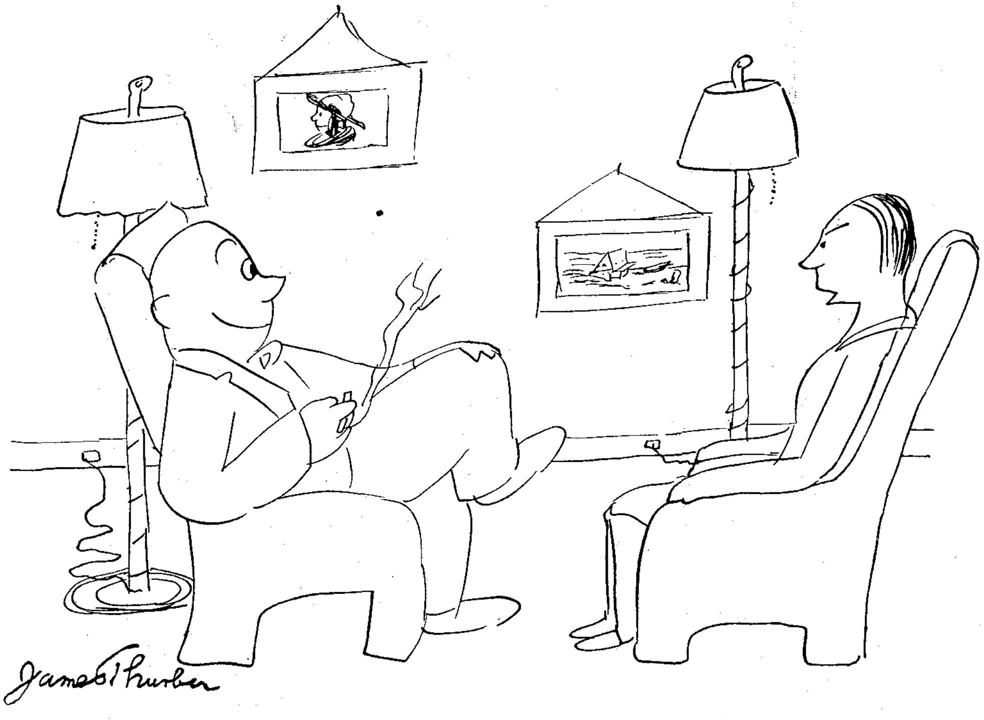
These are difficult days, as you well know if you are about to have guests for dinner. The County has a superficial appearance of health in the bright spring, yet everywhere one observes shortages and the unmistakable evidences of internal decay. I shall hardly dare lift one of your spode cups and set it down again upon its saucer for fear it may shatter in a thousand pieces. Dry rot! The people are well-meaning and loyal but ineffectual; they are successful but immodest. I observe everywhere an inattentiveness in children, a scarcity of second maids, a certain footlessness in dogs and the willingness to follow the easiest scent regardless of where it leads. This is an unhealthy business, which we look to you to correct. I feel that I shall be unable adequately to express this at your house because of my happy awe at being face to face with Beauty—it had better be done publicly, through the sweet channels of this indulgent press. The County reeks with vapors. I feel them on every hand: apathy among gardeners, jealousy in the ranks of love, laxness in blood donors, uncertainty among trains. A train is an overbearing thing, Mrs. Luce—mobility sometimes does that to inanimate objects, and the subtle wine of destinations. A train takes us only as far as it goes. Then we are left to our own devices and the corrupt afternoon. I'm stating these truths boldly because you may not realize, in your busy rôle as hostess in a globalanced life, the subtle deterioration which blows all through the County like a breeze, infecting civil servants—the dowdiness of lawns, the staleness of marriage, the slowness of the mails, the advance publicity of dinner guests, and the way the shadows cast by house, tree, fence, and balustrade move imperceptibly round the dismal dial of day. The cause goes deep. Honesty is the best policy. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and, if I may say so without seeming ungrateful, a stitch in time saves nine.

To dine with you I shall have to cross the County line, perhaps even the party line, yet my integrity goes with me and that of the other guests with them. We will also try to bring pillars, backlogs, and heady wine. All of us are alert to the dangers of dinner parties in counties everywhere in the world—the gossip in the cloakroom, the clandestine meeting on the stairs, the hypocrisy of mixed greens, the too-bright word, the unseasoned bisque, the spilt confidence, the remark made for the sake of the sound it makes in the foul labyrinth of the outer ear, the subtle gibe, the topic thrown out to lift the conversation to a level befitting the parlors of the great.

Naturally we guests hope that someday we will be the ones really in charge at a dinner, not only because we believe in democratic principles and the rights of the majority but because we are ambitious. Modesty has no saccharine uses, like adversity. Fairfield County in the spring! The thought haunts me, but the presses wait. There are almost as many uses for a newspaper today as for a piece of Kleenex.

With faith in dinner parties and unbounded loyalty to my charming hostess, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
E. B. WHITE



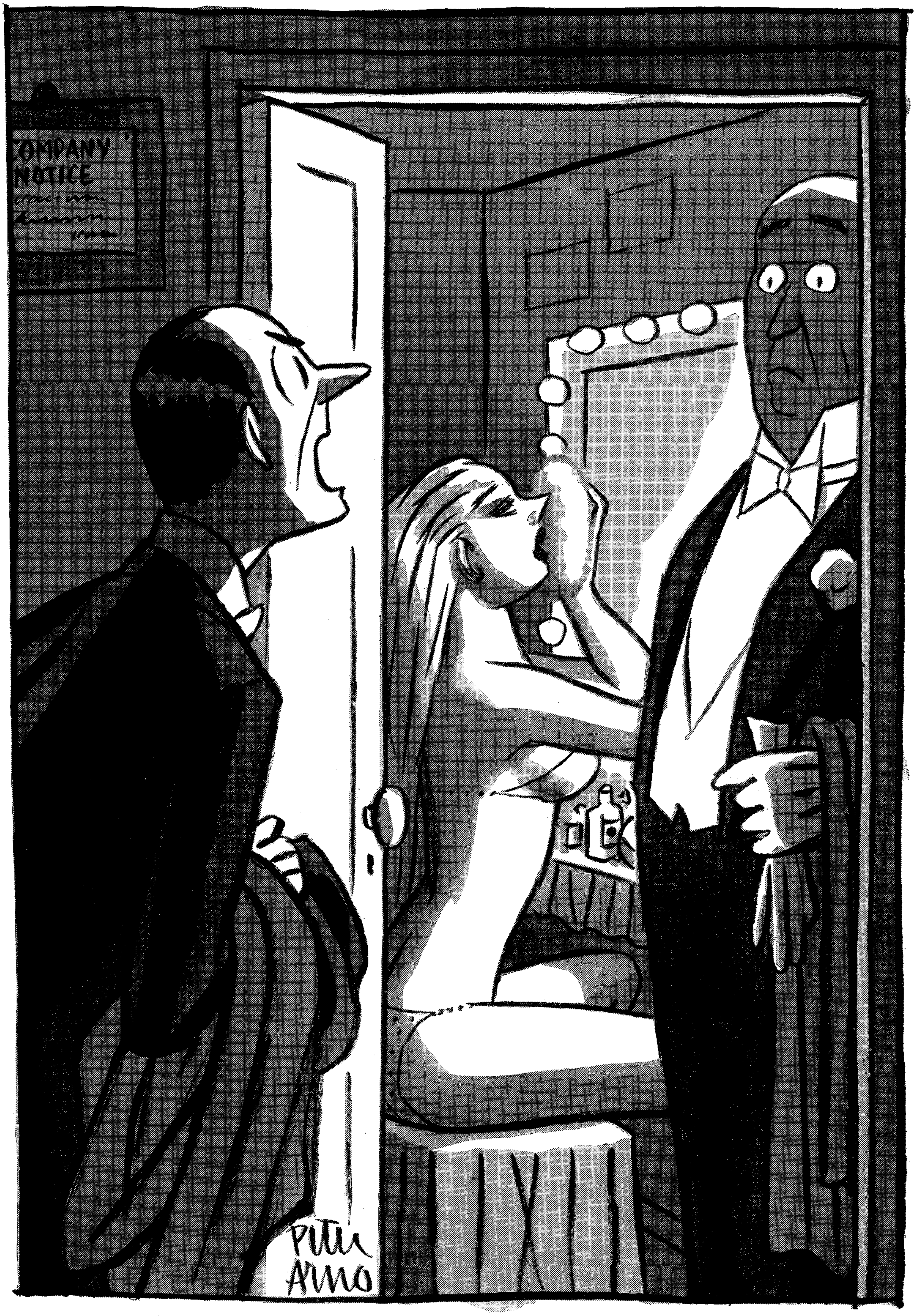
"Why don't you let me know what it is, if it's so pleasant?"

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the 1942 Year Book of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York*]

Mr. Henshaw was a native New Yorker, born in this city on November 4, 1885, the son of John and Jessie Henshaw. He prepared at the Berkeley School, New York City, and entered Harvard in 1903. He had a very brilliant mind and was eligible to enter Harvard on his sixteenth birthday. His father and older brother considered that he was too young and at their suggestion he went to Princeton for a year before entering Harvard.


COMPANY NOTICE
Peter Arno

"You cad! You're not fit to touch the hem of her skirt."

A LOW, CONVERSATIONAL TONE

WHEN Chauncey Larkin got home from his office in the city, he found his wife with their two-year-old son, Peter, in the upstairs sitting room. They made a charming picture.

"How do you feel?" he asked her.

"So-so," Ruth said. "I began to feel better about noon." She was going to have another baby in September. "I gave Peter his bath a little early. Your mother's dropping in on her way from the Red Cross."

Peter stepped out of the pants his mother was holding for him, stumbled, recovered himself, and ran to his father. Chauncey tossed him up to the ceiling. "Have you been a good boy today?" he said fondly as he set him down.

Peter's full face crinkled with amusement. "No," he said. He turned toward the window. "No, no, no!" he shouted at the top of his voice, looking up at the light. Overcome with amusement at his own joke, he threw himself face down on a chair.

"But the Tracys and the Macombers are coming this evening," Chauncey said. "Why didn't you suggest to Mother—"

"Everything's ready for them. I had Valdez helping me."

Chauncey saw a hand mirror and a string of beads in the wastebasket and recovered them. "Valdez?"

"The filler-in, the girl Hattie got for me. You saw her."

"Mine," Peter said to his father, reaching up for the mirror and the beads.

Ruth sighed. "She's the last, I certainly hope and pray."

"Who's Hattie?"

"She's that wonderful girl who used to work for Mrs. Gibson. She starts tomorrow."

"If she doesn't telephone at quarter past nine and say she's changed her mind, the way the last one did," Chauncey said. He had handed the beads and mirror to Peter.

"Not Hattie. But you're a little behind the times. The last one didn't telephone at all. And the one before left at eleven-thirty the second morning. She said she hurt her back lifting Peter."

Peter was holding the beads bunched up to his neck and looking at them in the mirror. He turned at the sound of his name.

"I see you've got it connected again," Chauncey said, nodding at the radio standing beside the easy chair.

"Yes, I'm making progress," Ruth said. "He's turned it on only once today."

There was a gentle knock at the door. "Mrs. Larkin?" a soft, elocution-class voice said. "I'm ready to go now, soon's I hang up the ironing."

"All right, Valdez," Ruth called. "Come here, Peter. Let's get dressed for Grandma. Would you go see how much we owe her, Chauncey? It's forty-five cents an hour."

In the kitchen Chauncey found some milk-order slips stuck on a spindle with the grocery lists. On the backs of them Valdez had written the rather irregular times of her arrival and departure; she was a high-school senior and had worked most of Saturday and the first four afternoons of the week. Chauncey put the slips against the doorjamb and figured quickly, translating the odd times into quarter-hours and giving Valdez the benefit of what race tracks call the breakage. But when he started to multiply the hours by forty-five cents, he saw that there was a simple relation of three to four between forty-five cents and sixty minutes. So he began again, adding the minutes up and multiplying by three-quarters. The whole came to eight dollars and thirty-five cents. Pleased, Chauncey went into the dining room, where Valdez was arranging Peter's sweaters and socks on a drying rack, and showed her his computations.

"Is this right?" he said. "Mrs. Larkin will be down in a moment."

Valdez studied it through her spectacles. She was a serious, shy colored girl, very black, with a long upper lip. Above each ear was a scallop shell of black hair in which rode a quite functionless bobbie pin. "Yes, except for tomorrow," she said.

Chauncey remembered he hadn't yet put any beer in the icebox. He went down cellar for it, pausing to let water into the furnace boiler. Coming back from the preserve room with three quarts of beer in each hand, he met Ruth at the foot of the cellar stairs. She had a tense look about her mouth.

"She says it isn't right about the money."

"But it is," Chauncey said. "I did it twice and multiplied by—"

"She wants to be paid for tomorrow," his wife said.

"Well, we can afford a little advance, can't we?"

"But she's not working tomorrow. Hattie's working tomorrow."

"Then why—" he asked, standing there with the necks of the beer bottles between his fingers.

"She says we must pay her for the week, but I called up her mother last night and—"

Chauncey's fingers were beginning to hurt. "Well, let's have it out with her," he said. "We mustn't stand down here whispering." Usually he left such matters to Ruth. It increased her authority with servants. But he was willing to intervene if necessary, and now was obviously a time. Ruth got upset easily these days.

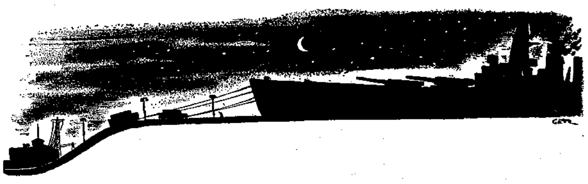
He marched up the stairs into the kitchen ahead of his wife and found Valdez in the door to the dining room. She had on a light double-breasted coat much too small for her. "Now, what is it, Valdez?" he asked in a firm but kindly manner. He deposited his burden on the kitchen floor and began finding places for the bottles in the refrigerator. He noticed that Ruth had remembered the cheese and sliced meats.

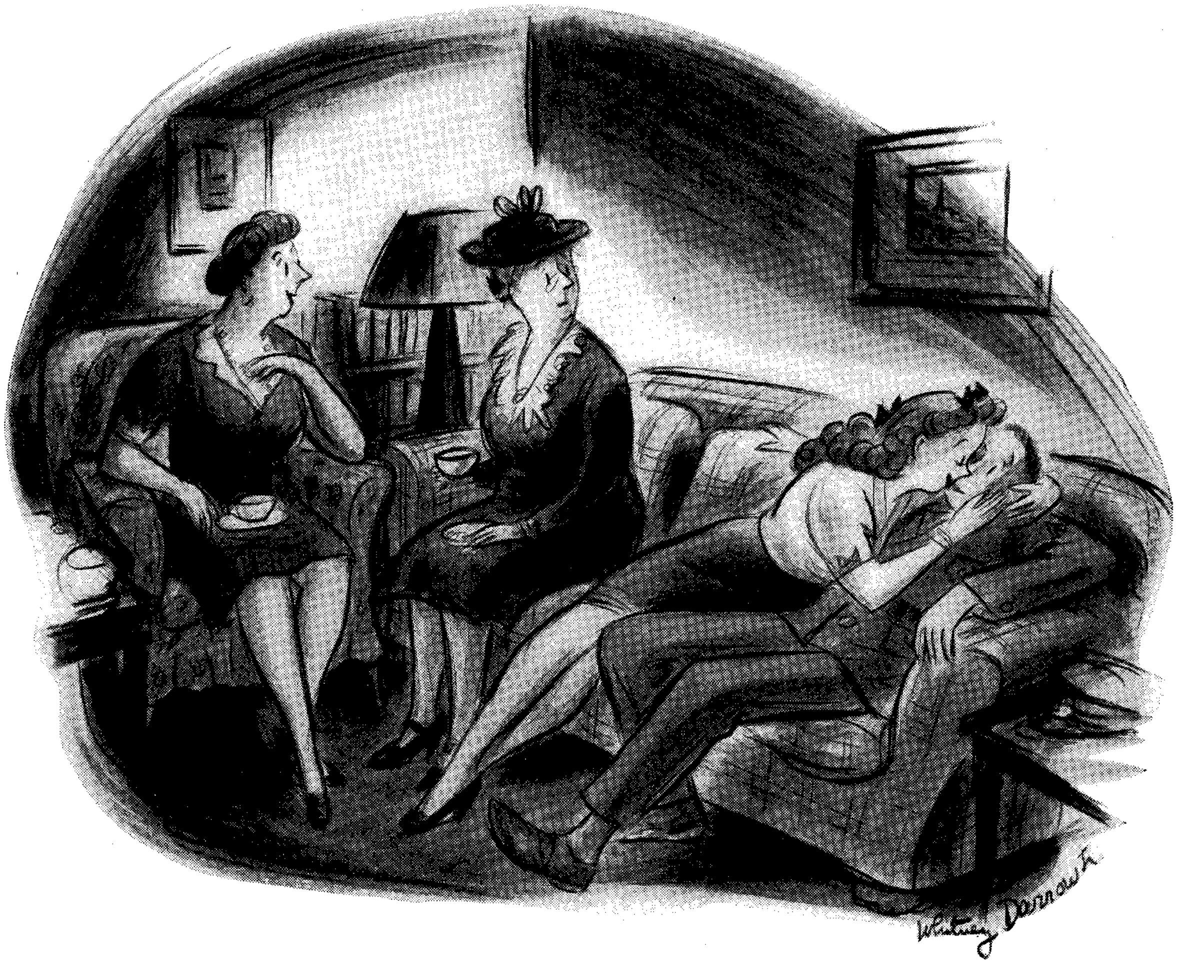
"It isn't a question of how many hours a day," Valdez began in a low, fast voice. "If you get a job, you have to be paid for a week. Anybody at all knows that."

"Just a minute, Valdez," Chauncey said, and turned to his wife. "Macomber's on some sort of diet, isn't he? Have we things he can eat?"

Ruth didn't hear him. "You were just filling in, working by the day," she said to Valdez. "And it was Hattie who asked you to fill in. I called up your mother last night and told her we wouldn't need you after today. She didn't say anything then."

"You have to be paid for the week, even if you only work one day," Valdez said. Upstairs they could hear the thump of Peter's feet going back and forth across the floor. "This girl I know, she worked one day and the woman changed her mind, didn't want to pay her except for the day. The girl got a lawyer, and the woman, she didn't want to, had to pay her for a week and all the costs too."





"Philip's leave is up tomorrow and Monica doesn't want to lose a single moment of her happiness."

"Very well, Valdez, if you take this attitude," Ruth said with dignity. "Hattie is coming, but you can come too. We need to have the windows washed inside and the woodwork wiped down. You can do that."

"No, Ma'am," Valdez said. "I've got a good job starting tomorrow. You told my mother you didn't want me after today, so I went to a rich lady always wanted me to work for her and got a regular job, well paid."

"Then," Chauncey exclaimed with a sigh of relief, "you surely don't expect us to pay you for the day when you're working for someone else. That's just too much."

"Don't think I never worked before," Valdez said. "That's the law. Anyone will tell you who ever hired girls." Except that she rotated her large handbag slowly between her light, slim hands, Valdez remained calm. "My friend—"

"Come, Valdez," Chauncey said. "There's no point in going over all this again. If you want to work tomorrow, all right. Otherwise, Mrs. Larkin will pay you for what you've done. But we're not going to pay you when you're working for somebody else." Ruth made no move, so he took out his wallet, counted off the bills, found a dime and a quarter in his pocket, and put the money on the table.

Valdez did not look at it. "That isn't the right way," she said. "I have to be paid the full amount or I won't go."

"You won't go?" Chauncey exclaimed. "Why, certainly you'll go. I'll call the police." He didn't know he was going to say that. It just came out the way "All right then, Lawrence, I'll tell Mother" used to when he and his brother were boys.

"Call the police," Valdez said, like someone accepting a reasonable suggestion. "They'll tell you what anyone will tell you that knows about hiring girls."

Upstairs, the radio went on very loud. First there was talking, then music, then talking again, in quick succession. "Oh, dear," Ruth said, "we've left him alone so long."

"Don't run, darling," Chauncey said as she started to go toward the stairway in the front hall. He stood awkwardly for a few minutes with Valdez in the dining room, neither of them saying anything, and then he turned and went upstairs to consult with Ruth.

She met him in the upper hall, which was fenced off from the stairs by a folding gate. "What are we going to do?" she said. "Your mother will be here, and I've got to feed Peter, and those people coming!"

"I suppose we could buy her off, but after all this it's just too humiliating. I won't be held up this way."

"We could just *talk* to the police," Ruth said doubtfully. "Ask their advice."

"We're whispering again! Come on, let's get it over with." He took her hand.

She fastened the gate behind her. "You wait here," she said to Peter, who was staring at them. "Mummie will be right up."

"You call them, Ruth," Chauncey said when they reached the lower hall. "Just tell them you want them to explain something to a girl who won't leave." They both looked hopefully at Valdez, but she showed no sign. Ruth went into the study and closed the door. Upstairs, Peter began to yell.

After a moment Ruth came out into the hall. As she started upstairs again, she said, "The radio car will be here in a few minutes."

Chauncey would have liked a cocktail, but he did not want to mix it in Valdez's presence. He felt better now that the end was in sight. In a way, he rather respected the girl. He liked a contest when the issue was clear and he felt he was in the right. His heart was beating a little fast with excitement, and when the doorbell rang sharply he jumped.

He opened the door. It was his mother. She was loaded with bundles and out of breath. "Oh, those trolleys!" she said. "So packed!" She looked around and smiled at Valdez. Mrs. Larkin was always glad to see someone new to talk to. "Where's my big boy?"

"He's upstairs with Ruth," Chauncey said. "They're expecting you."

"If you're going on the streetcar, I don't envy you," his mother said to Valdez. "Two went right by me before one stopped. And people won't move back from the door. Those great, big men! They just stand there. I feel like"—she tried to think of something appropriately wicked and failed—"like stepping on their toes."

"You'd better go up before Peter gets fussy, Mother. It's near his suppertime. I'll be up in a minute."

She looked from one to the other a little suspiciously, but went. They could hear Peter receiving her demonstratively and then the closing of a door.

IT was only a minute or two before the bell rang again. This time it was the police, two of them, their uniforms making them seem very large in the narrow hall. The younger one addressed himself with conventional belligerence to Valdez. "Now, what is this?" The other stopped him. Valdez began to answer, and the older policeman said tolerantly, "All right, you tell your story, and then we'll hear what Mr. Larkin has to say."

"I didn't know I wasn't going to work all week until Mrs. Larkin called up only last night and . . ." She gave her interpretation of the facts once again, in the same words and manner, looking steadily at the policemen as she talked.

Chauncey heard the door above open and shut again, and Ruth came halfway down the stairs.

When the younger policeman saw her, he pushed his cap politely toward the back of his head. "Now, this is a civil matter," the older policeman said with an air of harsh common sense. "It's not for us to have anything to do with. If you've got a complaint"—he was speaking to Valdez—"go to the State Wages and Hours Board."

"But she was just working by the hour, filling in," Ruth said, and began explaining the circumstances at some length. When Valdez tried to correct her and Ruth replied, the policemen began to shift their feet.

"We don't want to keep these gentlemen, dear," Chauncey said. He turned toward them. "It's just that she refused to leave the house, so we thought we ought to speak to you."

"She'll go all right," the younger policeman said confidently.

"Where is it I go to make the complaint?" Valdez asked the older policeman. She took a pencil and paper out of her bag and made a note of the address he gave her.

As she started toward the door, Chauncey went over to the pile of money on the table. "Take the money for the time you've worked, anyway," he said.

"Oh no," Valdez said. "I know better than that. Then I'd have no comeback." She walked past the policemen, opened the front door, and slipped out. As she went, Chauncey heard her mumble, "When white people get together, what chance have you got?"

The young policeman grinned and put his hat straight.

"We get this sort of thing all the time," the older policeman said. "No matter how much you do for them—"

They seemed less disposed to go now and began chatting. "I was assigned to their district eight years. I know them," the older policeman said.

"We never had any trouble before," Ruth said. "She just got an idea in her head."

"Ideas!" the older policeman said. "Take the Negro preacher we had in court as witness yesterday. Talked big as life, but . . ." Ruth began backing slowly up the stairs and Chauncey moved slowly toward the front door.

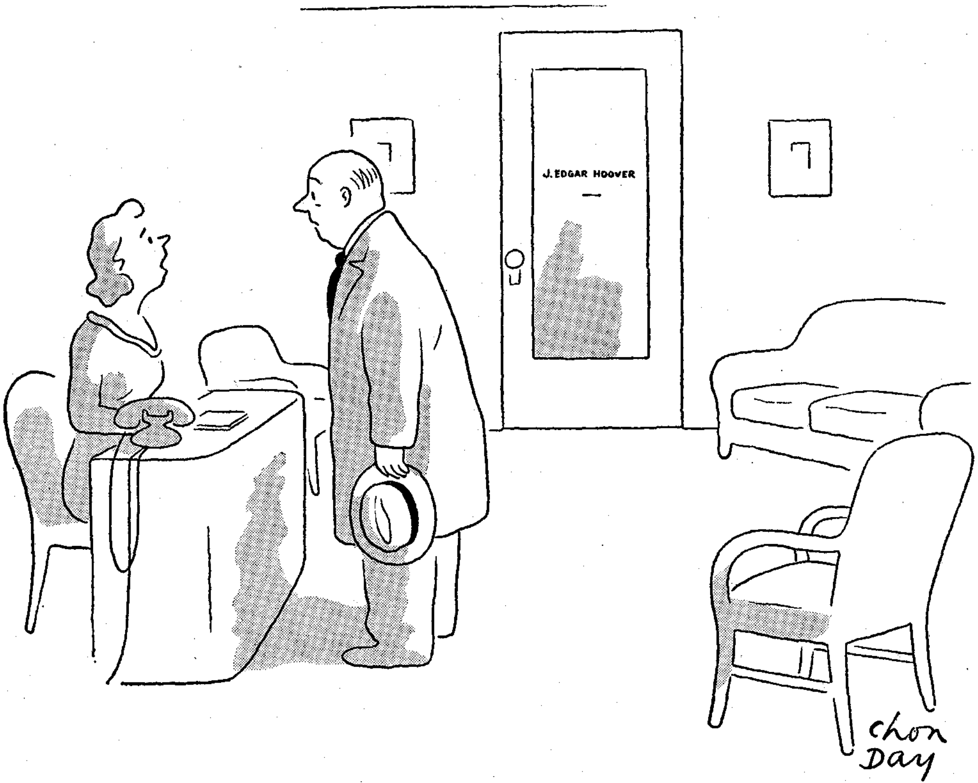
IN a moment the police were gone. Chauncey felt less comfortable now. The police had brought in the racial question, which was not the issue at all. "Do you think Mother heard anything?" he asked Ruth when he caught up with her on the stairs.

Apparently she had not, although she was very observant and might have looked out the window and seen the radio car. She held Peter by the hands. "How much do you love your nice grandma?" she asked. "So much?" and she put his hands very close together. "Or so much?" and she flung them wide apart. When he saw his parents, Peter wriggled away. "What were those rumbling voices?" Mrs. Larkin asked.

Chauncey hesitated. He noticed that Ruth had removed the copies of *PM* and the liberal weeklies from the table in the upstairs sitting room before his mother came. "The police," he said. He looked uneasily at Ruth. "Boys have been stealing things from our yard."

Mrs. Larkin tilted her head and looked at her daughter-in-law sharply. "It's still not noticeable, Ruth, not even as much as with Peter."

Bored, Peter wandered toward the radio. "No," Ruth said quietly. "No, Peter." Peter stopped with his hand upraised over the buttons. He looked at



"Mr. Hoover is out. Would you care to leave your fingerprints?"

his mother and a wicked smile crinkled his face. Then he pushed the buttons firmly, one after another.

"You'll have to punish him," his grandmother said comfortably.

"Shall I disconnect the set?" Chauncey said.

"No," Ruth said. "He must go to his room." She went over and picked him up. "It's the only way to give 'no' any meaning."

"No!" Peter shouted happily from under her arm, imitating her. "No, no!"

"Don't shut the little boy up—not while his grandma is here," the elder Mrs. Larkin said. "I come so seldom. And you mustn't lift."

But Ruth took Peter into his own room. They could hear an outraged howl as the door shut. Ruth returned and said, "I'll just keep him there long enough for him to realize. It's the only way to give 'no' any meaning. Just speak firmly in a low, conversational tone, and then, if he doesn't obey, separate him from the others, show him he's unfit for the group."

"You've been reading books again," the grandmother said. "That girl seemed a quiet, nice girl. How long has she worked for you?"

"This was her last day," Ruth said. "Tomorrow Hattie's coming—she was with Mrs. Gibson—and she's a dream. I think my troubles are over."

The squalling suddenly ceased. "Bring him back now," Mrs. Larkin begged. "I can't stay long."

Ruth opened the door into Peter's room and closed it after her. In a moment Peter came running in ahead of Ruth, his face tear-smooched. He halted in the middle of the floor, confronted by the radio. Slowly he walked toward it. As he lifted his hand, he remembered, and his face contorted as if he were going to cry, but he went on and pushed the buttons once again. With the last push the radio began shrieking a dance tune.

Chauncey started toward him, but Ruth put out her hand. "Just wait a minute," she said. "We mustn't let this develop into a contest of wills." Peter was looking at them, pushing the buttons with one hand and waiting to see what they would do. The radio gave out great thumps of sound.

"You've got to show them," Mrs. Larkin said above the din.

Ruth was not looking at Peter, and Chauncey tried to follow her example. Peter left off pushing the buttons and listened to the music. He jiggled up and down solemnly for a minute and then began stamping rhythmically across the floor.

"Unless you show them, you're making endless trouble for yourself," Mrs. Larkin said.

Chauncey sidled along the wall until he could lean over and disconnect the radio at the base plug. Peter halted and cocked his head when the music stopped. Ruth promptly lifted the hand mirror so he saw himself in it, and he grinned.

"These books you read," Mrs. Larkin said. "You admitted yourself that the author of one you read left his baby out in the winter until his diaper literally had frozen."

Chauncey stirred uncomfortably. He knew what was coming. "Wouldn't you like a sherry, Mother?"

"No, I have to run," she said to him. Then, to her daughter-in-law, "I had just such times with Chauncey at the beginning. Certainly you don't think my method was such a failure in his case." It was a familiar and unanswerable argument.

Peter stopped fiddling with the lamp and came over to his grandmother. She held up her handbag and went "Boo" from behind it. He remained perfectly solemn. She did it again, and he smiled in a brief, bewildered fashion. "I guess your old grandmother knows something about little boys, doesn't she?" she said. She turned to Ruth again. "I remember once Chauncey wouldn't pick something up. He was older than Peter. It went on for several hours, and I spanked him with a shoehorn. Still he wouldn't. Then his grandfather came home. He knew how to handle children. He went and got a basin of water and held Chauncey's face in it. Just for a minute, and then Chauncey gave a gasp like this"—she drew in her breath sharply—"and went and picked it up. We never had any trouble again."

"Grandfather was a great yachtsman," Chauncey said bitterly. "The water was his element."

"But what was it he wouldn't pick up?" Ruth asked. "That surely was significant. I think you just mustn't let those situations develop."

"Oh, it was something his brother Lawrence gave me that Chauncey didn't like. But you can't let them behave like that."

"But if it does come to an issue," Ruth said, "you must let them win occasionally. What is it you're after? What do you want to achieve? Just to show you're stronger? They're so small and you have all the power."

Mrs. Larkin gathered up her things, smiling. "I know your theories," she said, "but wait until you've brought up more. You realize eventually. We've argued about other things, too. Remember about disarmament, and John L. Lewis? And what do you think now?"

Chauncey picked up Peter.

"I'll go in and wash," his mother said.

Downstairs the phone rang. "I'll get it," Ruth said, and went on ahead. "Yes, Hattie," Chauncey heard her say as he came downstairs. He stood outside the study door, with Peter in his arms, startled by the excited voice he could hear coming over the wire. Ruth looked up and saw him there. "She must have gone straight to Hattie," she whispered with her hand over the transmitter.

Chauncey could hear the voice plainly. "Didn't know you was that kind of people," it said, "putting the police on that poor little girl."

"Hattie's not coming to us," Ruth said, and turned back to the telephone.

Chauncey pulled the study door shut as his mother came down the stairs.

"What can you say in books that's true that people haven't known for a thousand years?" his mother asked. Chauncey put Peter down and helped his mother on with her coat. Ruth came out of the study. Her face was very white.

"Sooner or later you go back to doing things the way your fathers did," Mrs. Larkin said. She blew a kiss to Peter, who ignored her. He was very hungry. "It's the oldest law there is."

—Robert Gorham Davis

CHALLENGE

We cannot know our world until we find
A compass that can chart what world we know.

What do we know? We are a kindly people,
And when we see a wrong we try to right it.
A boy run over in the street by a car
Finds mothers, grandmothers, at once to help him;
He's laid on cushions till the doctor comes,
And family lace is used to wipe his cuts.
We are very tender, most kind, about physical pain.
At all times we are very kind to dogs;
If our canaries die, we are unconsoled.
We go to church, we fumble in our pockets
For coins to give to newsboys and to God;
We make good coffee, we go to cheerful movies;
At weddings our eyes are filled with simple tears.
We like waffles and syrup; we praise gas,
We praise coal, we praise inventiveness;
We admire the mysterious men who work all day
Holding test tubes up against the light
Who will revolutionize the rubber industry;
When we come home at night we kiss our wives
But do not see their faces; when we wake
In the smart morning we are fresh for a new day,
Because we know that in the bathroom cupboard
Are toothpaste, mouthwash, razor blades, and Kleenex.
The subway takes us easily to our work.

Is this our world? Or only half our world?
Loving our world, what shall we do to keep it?
Loving our world, what shall we do to find
Its deeper heart, which only keeps us whole?

—Theodore Spencer

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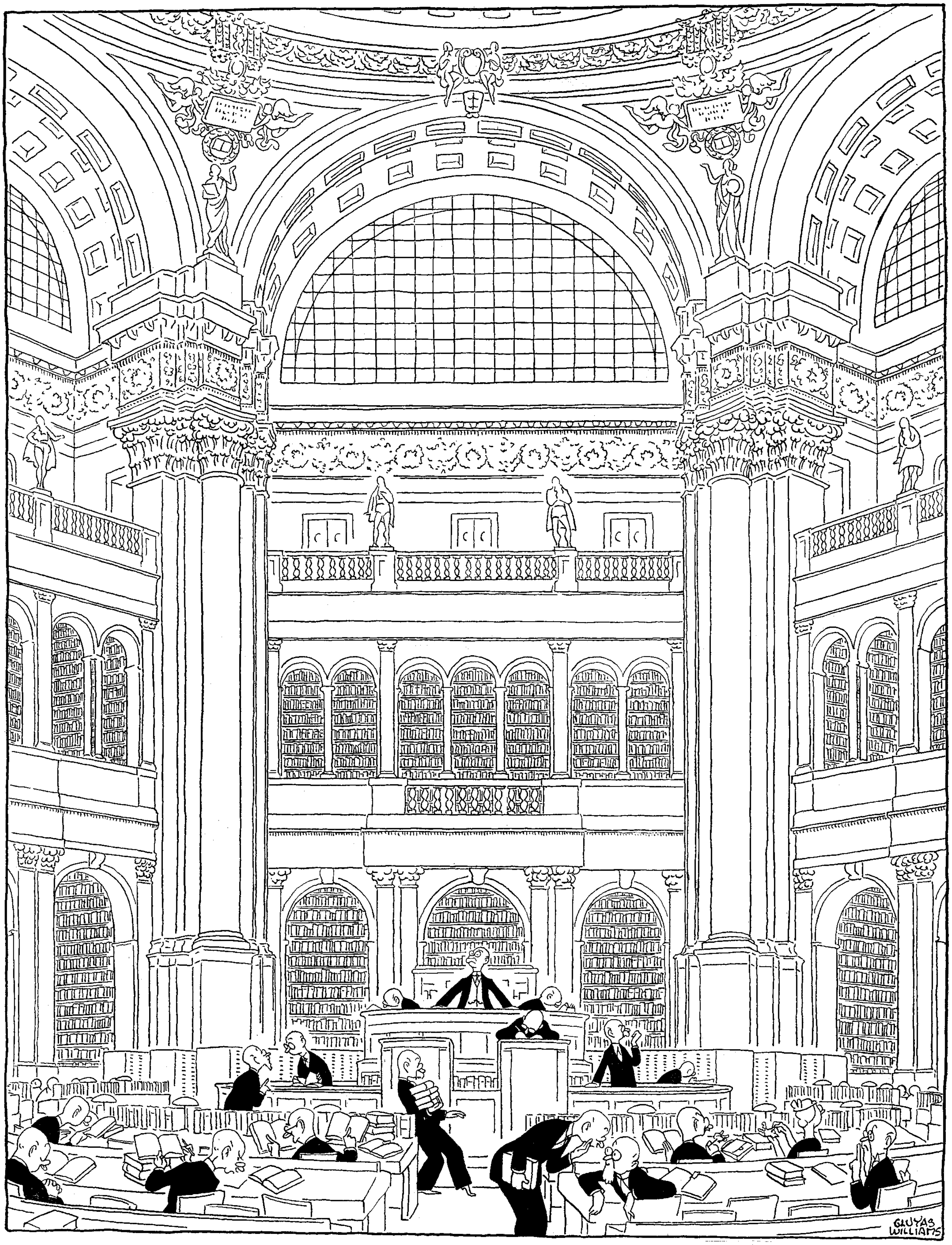
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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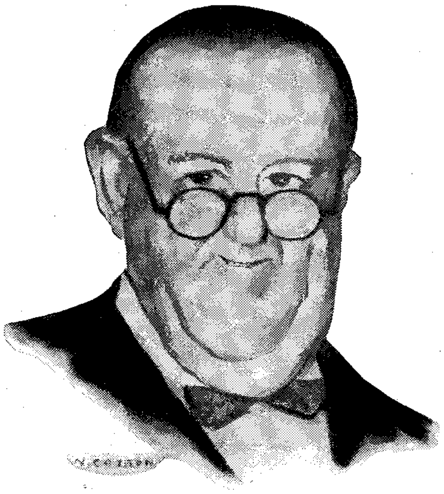
PROFILES

THE STORY OF EVERYTHING—I

IN valedictory moods, when Hendrik Willem van Loon is appraising his life and work with a sort of elegiac tenderness, he speaks of himself as the man nobody knows. Then the fact that he has written twenty-nine books, most of them popular histories and six of them spectacular best-sellers, seems to him beside the point. No one really understands them, he says, and he conventionally adds that his work, like that of other geniuses, will probably remain almost unknown until he has been dead a hundred years. When reminded that he has been publicized in countless lush columns of type for the past thirty years, he replies that this only proves his thesis; this publicity is merely a façade behind which the real van Loon goes his solitary way. Even his own physique has betrayed him, he thinks. He is so massively proportioned, so Falstaffian in design, that practically no one realizes that in his bulk is hidden a fragile and delicate spirit. The chief reason for his loneliness, van Loon believes, is that few people can understand his spoken word. He attributes this plight to his five-track mind. When he speaks, he says, it sounds as if five men were talking at once about five unrelated subjects. Ordinary people have trouble following him, and as a result speech has become a barrier behind which lurks the lonely van Loon.



Hendrik Willem van Loon

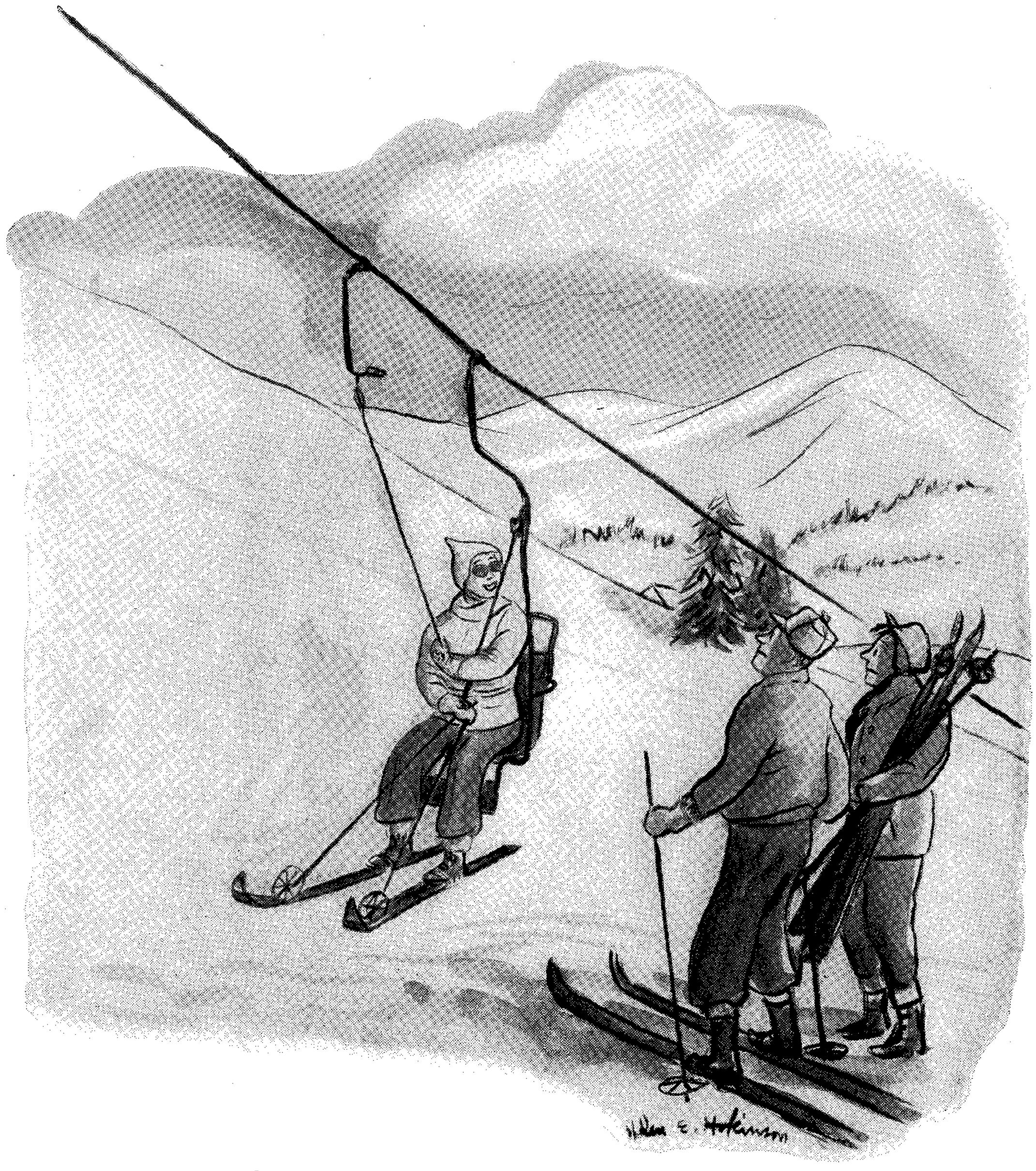
As van Loon, who is sixty-one, draws this picture of the man nobody knows, he touches the heart of anyone who is listening. He is so bravely debonair about it all. He jokes and laughs, but his audience, which usually consists of four or five literary and filial young women he has invited to lunch, instinctively feels the lonely dignity beneath. He was born in Holland, and in his wry contemplation of his distress there is something distinctively Continental. Few Americans could reveal their intimate sorrow with such gallant grace. He regards himself as a cultural émigré from Europe's storied past, unaccountably stranded in an American present but determined to make the best of it. Alone and far from home both in time and geography, he often sighs, "I exist in the twentieth century. I *live* in the eighteenth." He has a great, white moon of a face, and as he details his plight the moon is bleakly expressionless except for the timid, gray-green eyes that dart to right and left as though he were seeking encouragement. He generally wears horn-rimmed spectacles, which coast down his steep nose until stopped by its spatulate end, and now and then he glances shrewdly over them with a "How am I doing?" air. Increasingly, these days, he speaks of death, of which he says he dreams frequently, and then, not one to inflict too long his own melancholy upon his companions, he suddenly recites some nonsense jingle or limerick or tells a gay story. An unlighted cigarette, dangling from his lower lip, wobbles with each syllable he speaks, providing a distracting rhythm to his brave, sad words.

Van Loon holds his midday séances about once a week. He lives in Old Greenwich with his wife, Helen, whom he calls Jimmie, in a pleasant stone house on a spit of land which juts into Long Island Sound and is known as Lucas Point. When he comes into town, he generally wears a baggy black suit and carries a pigskin briefcase and a tightly rolled umbrella. He doesn't wear a hat, and his thinning, straw-colored hair is slicked back in strands, between which glints of pink scalp are revealed. His luncheons are usually held in the Sert Room at the Waldorf-Astoria, because he suffers from claustrophobia and a smaller establishment might induce an attack. He arrives at Grand Central shortly after noon and sets off up Park Avenue, his expanse of face high above the normal level. He walks slowly and carefully, as if his six feet three inches and two hundred and ninety pounds were made of highly shatterable glass. He may enter the Waldorf by walking backward up the stairs to the lobby, a procedure that stops many ordinary, forward-walking folk in their tracks. It is his theory that when he goes in reverse it lightens the burden upon his heart, which he says has been strained by his years of hard work. Van Loon's guests, for the most part young ladies in book-publishing circles, are usually waiting in the hotel's bookstore, and he likes to sneak up from behind and surprise them. He hoists his bulk onto tiptoe and, in the manner of an elephant acting cute, steals up on them with a peculiar, mincing prance, while an attractively depraved grin lights his face. His friends press about him with pretty exclamations of welcome. Before they go to the restaurant, van Loon autographs a number of copies of his latest book for the store, and he carries along to lunch another large stack of copies, which his publishers have sent over to the shop to await his convenience. If the book has just been published, the headwaiter, waiters, busboys, and musicians crowd about the table while van Loon hands each of them an autographed copy. Not long ago one of them asked him to sign a book for a friend who was dying of a brain tumor. "I guess I better not wish him luck," van Loon said, and there were little feminine squeals of delighted reproof. Such occasions put van Loon in high fettle. As he shakes out his napkin, he may pretend he is saying Mass and intone a few phrases of Latin. When the soup arrives, he invariably gets a laugh by declaring that he can't tell whether it's hot soup that has grown cold or cold soup that has grown warm. Van Loon's young ladies savor the nuances of his character. They are adept at understanding his intricate, contrapuntal monologues and, like music-lovers at a symphony concert, they can always follow the major theme. They do not misunderstand his nonsense and they know that beneath his antic gaiety there are sombre, unplumbed depths.

In such society a certain mellowness may temporarily leaven his wistfulness. God knows, he often says sweepingly, he has tried, and then he makes some admiring remarks about the audacity of his youth. When he was a young man, it was his modest ambition to give all knowledge to all men. In 1914, at the age of thirty-two, brooding on a duel which he had begun with the scholastic world when he was eight and which he still continues, he decided that knowledge was the victim of a conspiracy by the pedagogues and professional scholars, who had swathed it in an obscure and tedious ritual which made it an absolute monopoly of their priesthood. He would devote his life to translating their esoteric mysteries into plain English. With this resolve in mind, he founded a school of modern writing. Van Loon is the dean of the popularizers, the pioneer of the trade which has given mathematics and almost everything else to the million. Working feverishly, turning out on an average almost a book a year, he has been able to rescue from scholastic obscurity history, art, music, drama, economics, literature, biography, geography, architecture, geology, and navigation. There is so much to be recovered from academic darkness that van Loon, when he gets going, writes with desperate speed, compressing centuries into a single page of simple English and countries into a paragraph. Unless he covers aeons in a single session, he feels that he is standing still. Writing as much as six thousand words a day, he has also expounded in man-in-the-street language on such disparate subjects as keelhauling, Sumerian nail writing, Romanesque churches, Chopin, Greek pottery, the Gulf Stream, Punch and Judy, rainstorms, Polynesian woven maps, Debussy, flogging, clinker-built and carvel-built ships, Queen Elizabeth, Southern Methodist University, glaciers, Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord," Indian witch doctors, Rabelais, galley slaves, surgery, the Inquisition, Persian prayer rugs, steam shovels, the Ten Commandments, chloroform, and Marie Antoinette. After thirty years of labor, van Loon, whose works have been translated into twenty-one languages, is disappointed because he figures that he has reached only six million (at the rate of one reader to a copy) of the earth's two billion inhabitants.

Van Loon's giant reclamation project is not universally appreciated. The pedagogues, whom he considered "hopeless barbarians" when he was a boy at school in Rotterdam, will still not let him be. As of old, they find errors in his work, and in scholarly quarterlies they stir up what van Loon terms "a hell of a hullabaloo about it." Van Loon makes a solemn effort to arrive at a higher truth, and in doing so he creates, at rare intervals, characters whom he palms off as actual historical personages. In his most recent book, "Van Loon's Lives," he has given the breath of life to two archbishops who never lived. He calls them the Archbishop of Bithynia and the Archbishop of Cyrenaica. But they *might* have lived, and it is van Loon's point that if they had they would have done what he has them do. In his first best-seller, "The Story of Mankind," which sold seven hundred thousand copies in the United States alone, he used a letter supposedly written by a Gallic infantry captain who had talked to men who had witnessed Christ's crucifixion. Some literal-minded pedant demanded to see the letter and was not satisfied when van Loon explained that there was no *actual* letter, that he was merely trying to reveal how a Gallic warrior would have written about Christ if there had been a letter. Van Loon tries hard to be nonchalant in the face of such hazing. "Who gives a damn about some little professor?" he asks. He believes it beneath his dignity to point out that his goal is a total truth larger than the accuracy of any specific detail. Occasionally he declares that he never reads criticism anyway, that he merely measures it by the yard. Several years ago a Harvard professor named Bush wrote an article which called van Loon "a two-legged chautauqua." Van Loon is never sure that he remembers the name of this detractor and sometimes asks, "What was the name of that little professor—Mush or Push or something like that?"

In general the professors contend that van Loon's voluminous works are

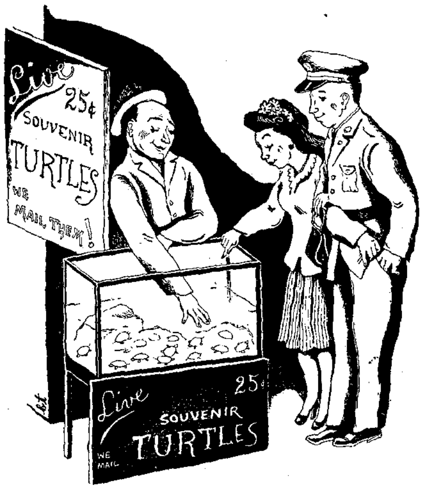


"I love this. Is the coming-down part difficult?"

based upon inadequate research. Van Loon offers this as another example of the misunderstanding from which he suffers. These fellows simply fail to grasp the fact that van Loon is a self-contained universe. They cannot know that he has studied the universe by studying himself. He is his own source material and his own research. He does some general reading, but more for stimulation than for facts, and he gets all the dates, names, and statistics he needs from the Encyclopædia Britannica, the Ploetz Manual, and the *World Almanac.* He can write knowledgeably of astronomers, doctors, statesmen, troubadours, hermits, explorers, cavaliers, and scientists because he has ardently yearned to be each of these. Moreover, he is an artist who expertly illustrates his own books, a violinist who once appeared with the National Symphony Orchestra, and a magician with a membership in the magicians' union. He speaks eighteen languages, some of them well. When he writes of Hitler, he draws his understanding of the man from the evil in himself. When he writes of Christ, he studies his own spirit of benevolence. When he writes of an explorer, he consults the dreams in which Hendrik Willem van Loon has overcome the Arctic or triumphed over the perils of the jungle. Plunging into his own complicated vastness, he can come up with a passionate, personal reaction to anything from Thomas Jefferson to stained-glass windows, from Syrian basket boats to the solar system. People who know his opinions of things experience a pleasant sense of recognition when they read his accounts of George Washington, Emily Dickinson, Plato, Empress Theodora, Emerson, Napoleon, or Descartes. A van Loon book becomes even more interesting to the author's friends when they recognize the characters in a passage of dialogue as various aspects of van Loon and realize that the conversation is simply between van Loon, van Loon, and van Loon. The difference between van Loon and other historians is that he goes to the vivid reality of his own personality for information, while his more anemic rivals are forced to derive their material second-hand from the dusty records of mere authorities.

VAN LOON is resigned to being misunderstood and sometimes even says that it is his own fault. For instance, he has suffered, or thinks he has, from stomach ulcers, sciatica, ruptures, pains in his legs, and spots before his eyes, but when he tells friends about his pains they merely laugh and say, "Good old Hendrik!" He blames himself for this, and says that because he is a hypochondriac he must be prostrate before anyone will believe that something is really hurting him. He has always given the public a picture of himself not as he is but as he would once have liked to be. He started to construct this myth some thirty years ago, when he felt that the real van Loon was rather lacking in glamour. He feels that he must continue to play the rôle, although he increasingly has a nostalgia for the pure van Loon, which he believes he can enjoy only in private or cautiously reveal now and then to an old friend. He says that he has played his rôle so constantly that he sometimes gets mixed up and doesn't know which van Loon he really is. An inkling of his difficulty can be gained from the fact that for a score of years he has posed as a Bacchic fellow with a passion for rare wines, although he actually believes that wines are bad for his stomach and will not touch them except when he becomes confused and thinks he is the other van Loon. He abhors hard liquor. Throughout his life he has written of the joys of the gourmet, yet almost anything more substantial than pea soup and a cold meat sandwich, his usual luncheon, gives him heartburn. He is considered by his friends a rounder, but he has never been in a night club. Recently he called a hotel and asked if he could make a reservation for Hendrik van Loon. "You can if he doesn't come in drunk," the clerk said. After van Loon had hung up the receiver, he groaned, "I've created a Frankenstein monster. It's destroying me."

The essence of his inability to make himself understood, van Loon believes, is that his nature is too diverse for a normal person to comprehend. He insists that he is a man of great delicacy, and yet on a hot summer day on his porch in Old Greenwich he may startle house guests by stripping to the waist in the midst of a conversation and, having called for a bottle of Kalak water, lying back in a chair and going to sleep with a vapid, relaxed smile on his face. Weekend visitors are occasionally frightened when they are awakened at three in the morning by an immense hand upon them. Opening their eyes, they see van Loon's bulk looming in the shadows and hear him whispering hoarsely, "Get up! There's a lovely moon!" He is given to insulting his friends, and when they drop him, he woos them back by presenting



GRACE BEFORE BLOOD

Twenty recumbencies on narrow cots,
Sexes and styles together in mixed lots,
With rolled-up sleeves, boots on, the donors lie,
Timid, amused, inquisitive, and shy.
The soundless crystal vessel, sterile-clear,
Hung just beneath the apprehensive ear,
Purples and fills with loveliest Burgundy,
The wine of life squeezed out religiously.
Each needled vein, each gently pumping fist
Performs an unassuming Eucharist.
The act bespeaks a ritual word of grace
To match each humorous, deprecating face,
As thus: God bless the giving of this blood,
The future bless the giving of this blood,
And may it find its way to the white veins
Of those who have assumed for us the pains
That hold us safe from the dread death by air
And death by sea—even a drop to spare
For the hurt foe where it may work for good.
May grace go with the giving of this blood.

—THEODORE MORRISON

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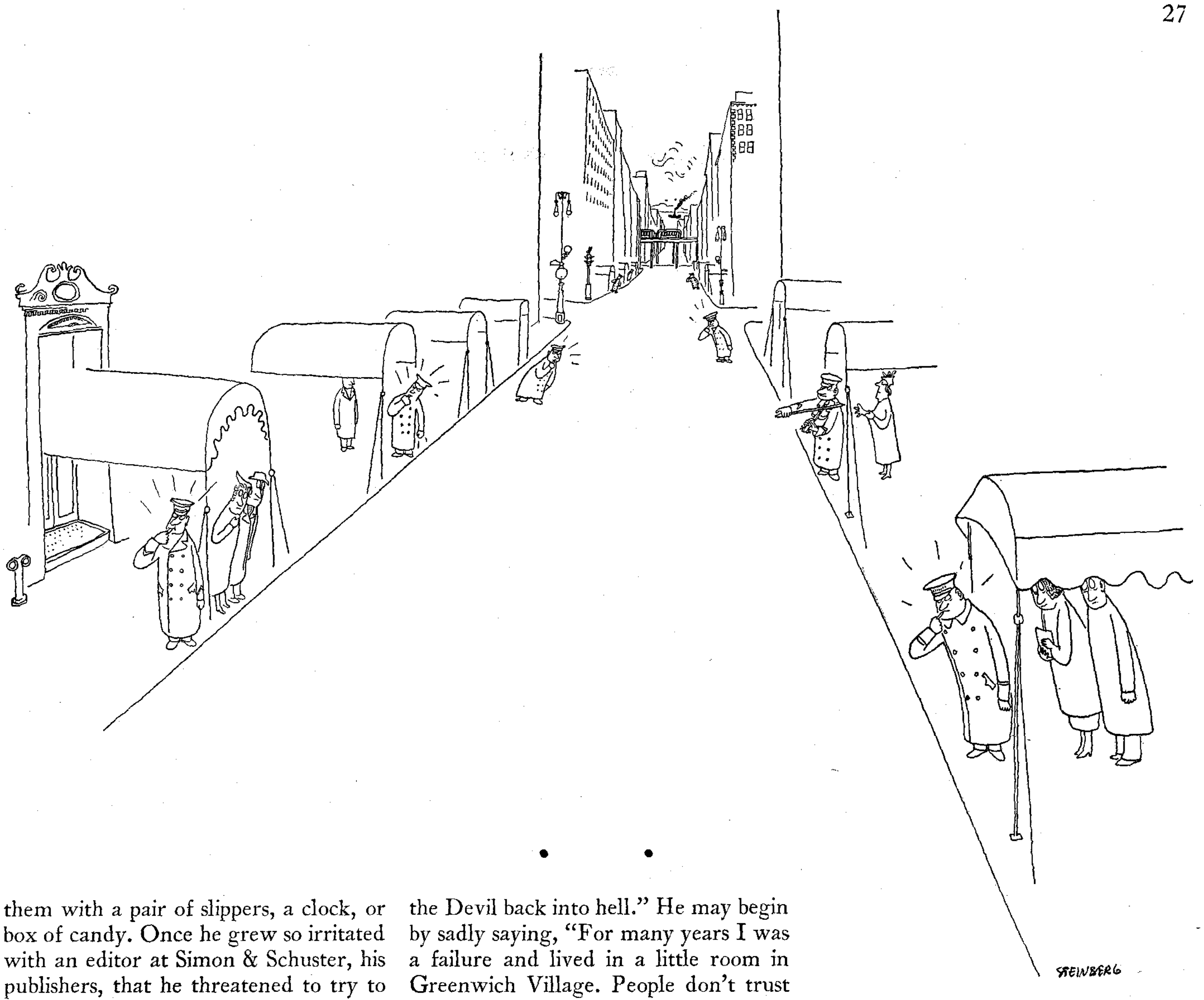
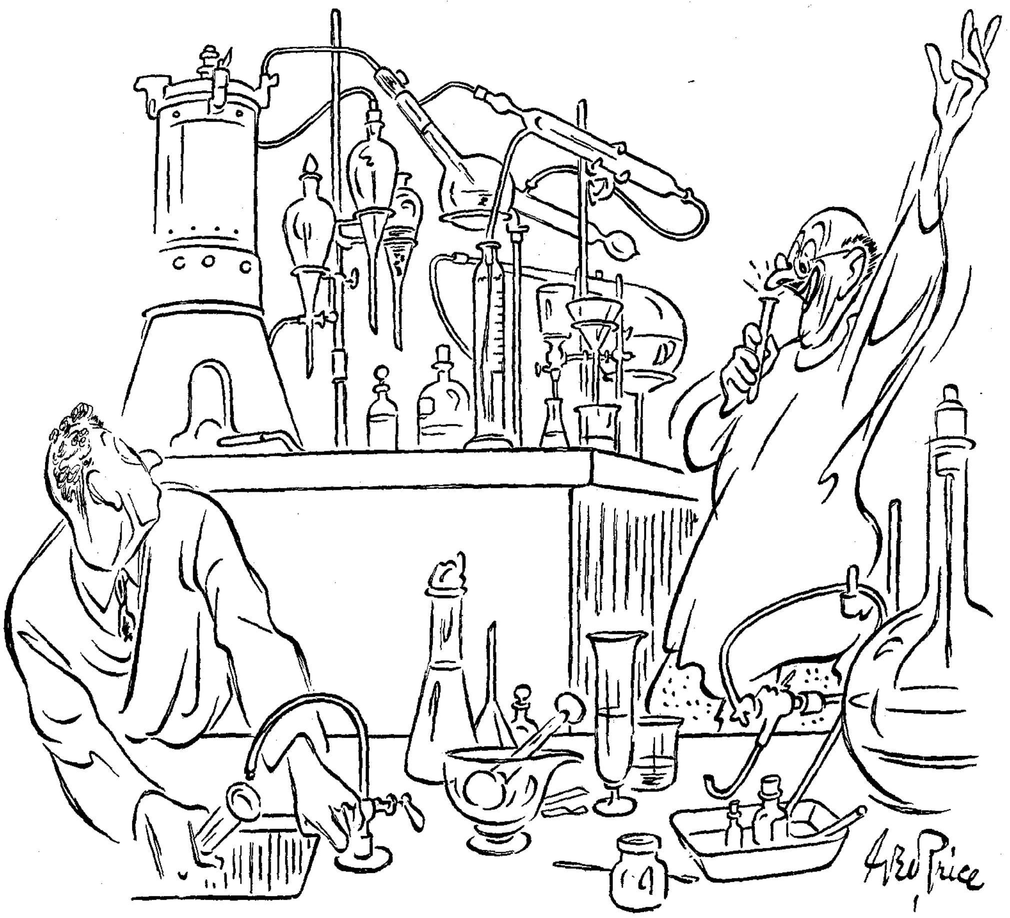


them with a pair of slippers, a clock, or box of candy. Once he grew so irritated with an editor at Simon & Schuster, his publishers, that he threatened to try to have him fired, and then, in a later and repentant mood, sent him a check for a thousand dollars. Van Loon may hurt the feelings of a recently arrived refugee who is calling at his house by demanding "Where'd you get that hick hair cut?" and then pay his board and lodging for a month. Van Loon, who is almost recklessly open-handed, has given financial help to more than two hundred refugees in the past three years, but few of them can speak of him without complaining. If they reprove him for his rudeness, he says it results from his own timid uncertainty. He explains that he is alternately "gutted by gladness and frightened by a melancholy that threatens the health of my immortal soul."

It is on weekends that van Loon likes best to exercise his five-track mind. He feels that if his conversation is obscure to most mortals, it is at least very rewarding to those who can understand it. At any rate, it is unique. It skips from here to there and switches without a break from what appears to be merely irrelevant to what unquestionably is incongruous. He once said that he would like to "talk God out of his heaven and the Devil back into hell." He may begin by sadly saying, "For many years I was a failure and lived in a little room in Greenwich Village. People don't trust me, you know. They're afraid I'm not kosher and that I may suddenly turn tail spiritually." A moment later, with unaccountable blitheness, he may remark, "A dirty mind is a perpetual solace," and with no apparent transition add that he belongs to the Unitarian Church because "the only time Jesus is mentioned there is when the janitor falls downstairs." If he especially likes one of his remarks, he will repeat it day after day, sometimes for weeks, and finally use it in a book. If he gets a subject on his mind, he will conversationally worry the life out of it and, although he makes countless asides, will never forget to return to the matter in hand. Recently he temporarily decided that whereas he believed in social democracy he did not believe in political democracy, and for days he interspersed his conversation with statements that many found confusing. He would suddenly turn to a guest who was quietly minding his own business and say accusingly, "You want to give the same vote to Jesus and Judas." A half-hour later he would remark, "I insist that I have nothing in common with that woman who murdered her husband." After a pause he would observe, "Once a professor, always a whore," and then add, "I believe in democracy between equals, but Tommy Manville and myself have nothing in common." This statement would be followed by the observation that "Americans spend all their lives in a dream of mother, home, and heaven. They can see sparks of sweetness and light in a cage filled with hyenas." Occasionally he views humanity benignly and then he is apt to quote Spinoza and recite, "I have sedulously endeavored not to laugh at human actions, not to deplore them, not to detest them, but merely to understand them." In such a mood he will almost always say that he has attempted to give his public "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Not more than an hour will pass before he describes mankind as "a bunch of apes riding around in gasoline buggies," and then he may exclaim scornfully, "Let them be happily playing 'The Rosary' on their bazookas." If some hardy soul wrests the floor from



"Eureka! Beefsteak!"

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van Loon, the master is apt to sink into slumber, presently come to with a start, claim that he was merely resting his eyes, and amiably continue his monologue.

Speaking of his musicianship, van Loon sometimes says that he wishes he didn't play the violin, because it makes such a noise under his chin. At other times he says that he plays in order to understand the eighteenth century. He feels that he is like Schiller because the German poet "could not write without the smell of rotten apples and I can't write without the sound of the radio." He keeps his radio tuned to WQXR, but not without a constant stream of protest. Last October he wrote the station, "God forbid that I should turn against my beloved WQXR, for how could I go on writing without that steady flow of music that guides my pen? But for God's sakes quit it! You are driving me crazy! You played the scherzo from Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' twice today and seventeen times last week. Have a heart." Two days later he wrote, "Have you gone completely crazy? Here's the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' again twice today and thrice yesterday." His next note read, "There is that damn Mendelssohn scherzo again. Is this a plot? I am going to get an injunction against you."

Van Loon rises every day at seven-thirty and breakfasts, he has recorded, on "orange juice, two eggs, which I usually do myself to try out experiments, and bread—not toast—and tea." By eight o'clock he is at his massive oak desk in a large, airy room off his bedroom on the second floor. He paints and draws in his bedroom and writes in the room adjoining. This one is lined with red bookcases, and on top of one of them is a ship's model. Next to the window is a small telescope. He has had it for six or seven months but hasn't used it, since he feels that after all the telescope could add little to his knowledge of the heavens. A corner of the desk is littered with tin soldiers. After turning on the radio, he fingers the soldiers for a while as he tries to get into the mood for writing. He says that the tin soldiers help him to visualize ancient battles; right now he has them arrayed in a representation of the battle of Lützen in 1632, in which Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish conqueror, was killed.

He writes in longhand, and his wife, a capable, devoted mate, types out what he has completed. When he hits his stride, he works swiftly, and he can finish a book in four or five months. He does no revising of his manuscript. He makes many false starts, however, and frequently decides that he has dried up and must henceforth be mute. Then muffled groans emerge from his workroom and he is heard crying brokenly, "Oh, why am I addicted to writing like a drunkard to liquor?" As the fruitless days lengthen, van Loon's gloom expands until it envelops his entire household, which consists of his wife and himself, a couple who serve as butler and cook, their child, and two dogs. While this mood is on him, his wife walks about on tiptoe. Van Loon, who has two sons by an earlier marriage, has three small grandchildren, who live nearby. If they come to call while Grandpa is in travail, the van Loon servants put fingers to lips and point upstairs with a gesture that is dramatic and terrible. The children are told that Opa, which is what they call their grandfather, "is having one of his times again."

Creation is not always a matter of anguish, however. Few men are more radiant than Opa when he feels an idea for a book developing. Then he is gay, perhaps even giddy, for days. To begin with, he will write the title page, no more. To go any farther at the moment in translating the glory within into words would be unthinkable. He must first secretly contemplate it as it develops. When the beauty he is hoarding has grown to such proportions that he simply has to share it, he entrains for New York and makes for his publishers, who have their offices in Rockefeller Center. On the way from Grand Central he is apt to buy three dozen doughnuts, or a dazzling assortment of Danish pastry, or perhaps three large boxes of candy. He prances into the reception room of Simon & Schuster, his manner breezy, his eyes shining, intent on sharing the inner wonder with all. He begins with the telephone girl. There is a story that one of her duties on sighting van Loon is to flash the news to the occupants of every cubicle in the publishing house so that they can burst from their offices with yips of greeting. Whether or not this is true, the news does soon get around that "van Loon is here," and immediately there is a

How American it is... to want something better!

IN THIS LAND of the free where every woman wants a "different" hat and every man a "different" necktie, it might not be surprising to find strongly differing opinions even about a moderate beverage such as ale.

But wait a minute. What all Americans are really looking for — is "something better." Thus, so *many* have found an ale—one particular ale—which lives up literally to the "Purity," "Body," and "Flavor," inscribed upon its 3-ring trade mark, that it has become . . .

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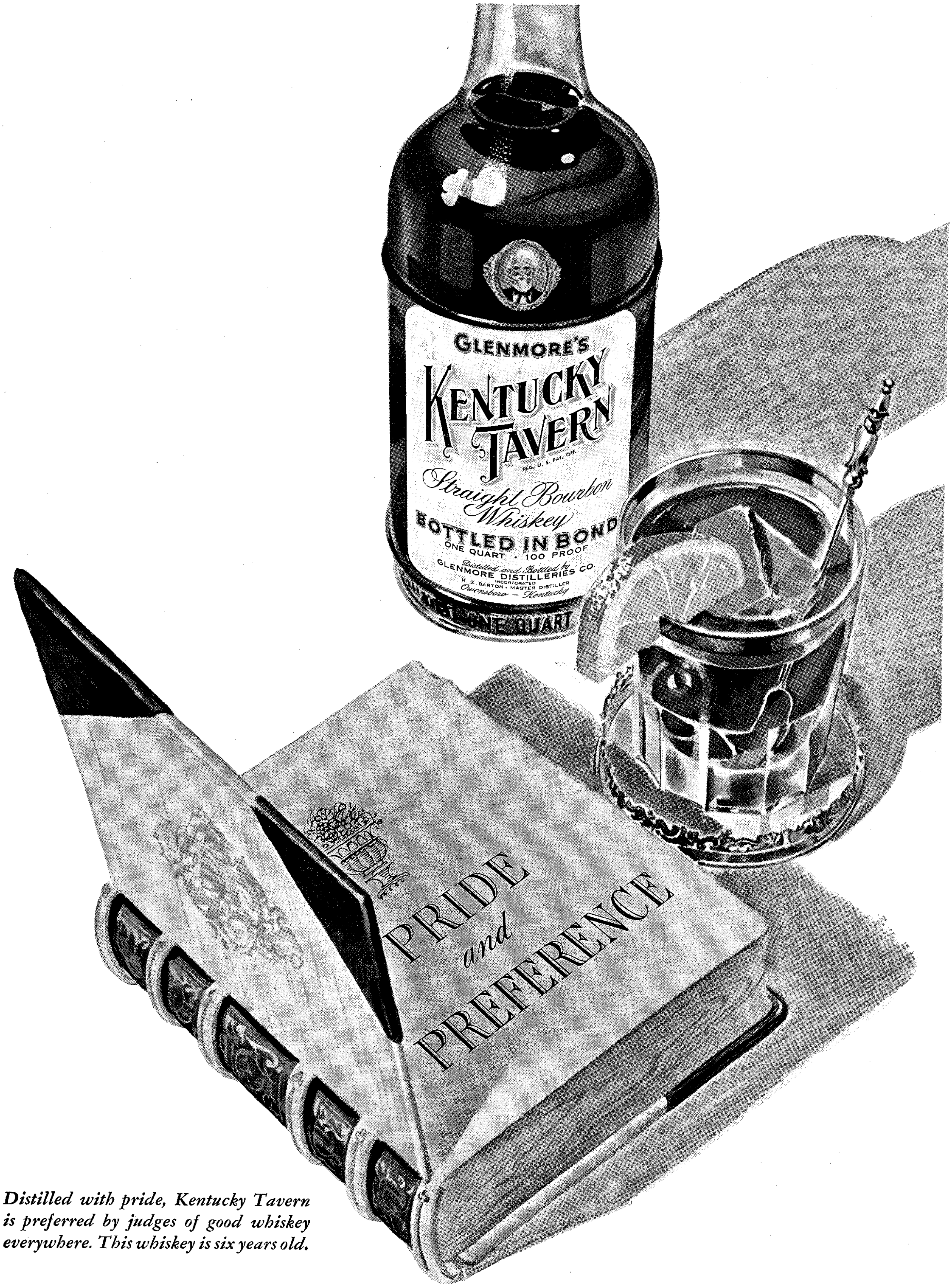
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PRIDE and PREFERENCE

Distilled with pride, Kentucky Tavern is preferred by judges of good whiskey everywhere. This whiskey is six years old.

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frantic swarming of partners, department heads, editors, secretaries, stenographers, and office boys around the author. As he presses his goodies upon them, there is a great munching and chewing and a mass cooing over everything he says and does. He is bathed in a warm appreciation that might seem sycophantic were it not so ardent. He shares his secret with the mob pushing around him. "It will be the greatest thing I've ever done," he says. "It's what I've always wanted to say." If he happens to notice that Richard Simon and Max Schuster, the two partners in the firm, are not in his audience, he will break free from the throng, stride down the corridor, and burst into the office of first one and then the other. He will not knock because, with some justice, he has a proprietary feeling toward the firm, as well as a childlike innocence which leads him to assume that everyone everywhere will be as interested in his new project as he is. Undoubtedly the partners are, even though their experience in a decade of publishing van Loon has been that his ideas often remain merely ideas. Even if they are conferring with another author about another book when van Loon bursts in on them, he expects them immediately to join in the jubilation, and they never disappoint him. With great ceremony, a contract is signed. Simon & Schuster have about thirty contracts for van Loon books that have not gone beyond the idea stage. When van Loon's spirits soar, as they always do when he signs a contract, he commences his tiptoe prance. The ceremony of signing over, he slyly steals, still on tiptoe, from one cubicle to another, visiting, all the while droning an involved monologue. No more work is done at Simon & Schuster until he leaves.

Such a scene took place eight years ago when van Loon signed a contract for a book to be called "The Average Man." He said it would be his masterpiece. Months passed. Whenever one of the partners or an editor telephoned van Loon at his home to ask him how he was getting along with his masterpiece, he seemed irritated. Then, when they hadn't telephoned or written for quite a while, he became equally irritated and said that if they weren't interested in his masterpiece he could get a publisher who was. After a year of this delicate ambiguity, van Loon announced that Connecticut wasn't the proper place to think of the average man. Only Lapland, he said, could provide the right atmosphere, and he embarked for that country. Some months later he cabled that the new milieu had done the trick. The book was clear in his mind now and he was returning to Connecticut to write it. A month later an editor telephoned him and asked, "How's 'The Average Man' coming?"

"Who's interested in that little stinker?" van Loon asked, and hung up.

A week went by in silence; then van Loon arrived at his publishers' suffused with the old radiance. He had an idea that was to be the climax of his career. A contract was signed for "The Life and Times of Beethoven." Again van Loon grew irritable whenever he was asked about his progress. For a time he said defensively, "Well, there won't be much about Beethoven in it. He's not very interesting. I think I'll make it my own autobiography. You know, the way I did in my life of Rembrandt, when I told my own story through a secondary character." A year later, when van Loon was asked again how Beethoven was progressing, he said, "He'd never make a book. He was a very dull man."

There are times when it is difficult for anyone, even van Loon, to tell for certain what he is writing. There have been days these past few months when he says he is engaged in producing "The Age of Thomas Jefferson" and others when he declares that he is at work on a trilogy of Dutch history. Sometimes he says he is writing a play called "Napoleon's Mother" and he has also remarked that he is doing "The History of Education." Then there are periods when he claims to be considering a book on philosophers, to be called "The New Academy," but a short time later he will report that he is engaged on a work to be known as "The Historical Reporter." As he vacillates between subjects in an agony of indecision, he beseeches taxi-drivers and waiters for relief. "What shall I write?" he cries from the back of a taxi. "A trilogy on Holland, 'The Life of Thomas Jefferson,' or 'The History of Education'?" There is never any answer beyond an unintelligible, mumbled word or two. Van Loon expects none, for he knows that a writer, like a man condemned, is beyond all help. The other day he at last actually got to work on a book. He is writing about that little stinker, the average man. —RICHARD O. BOYER

(*This is the first of three articles on Mr. van Loon.*)

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THE LYRICAL PRESS

[*Headline in the Sun*]

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PARRIED BY ALLIES

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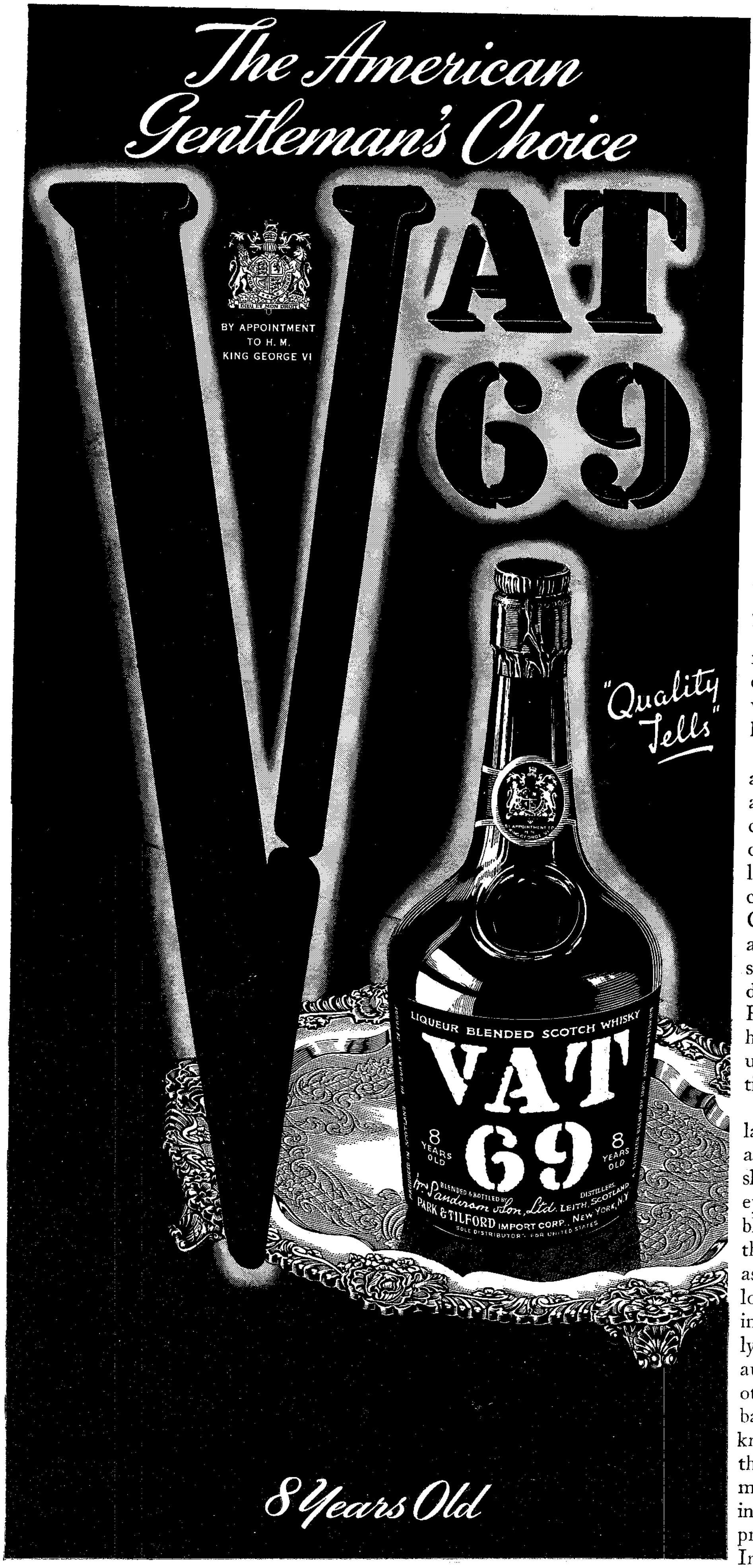
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THE THEATRE

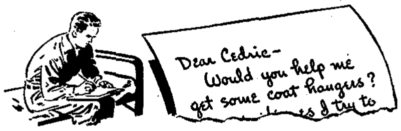
THE ROVER BOYS IN FRANCE

"Men in Shadow," at the Morosco, has, I suppose, its novel aspects. It is quite a linguistic exercise, the characters speaking corrupt German, Breton French, Oxford English, and the American dialect generally described as Brooklynese; it is the most acrobatic of all war plays, since at one time or another practically everybody in it vaults through a trapdoor in the roof and there is a wrestling match at least as legitimate as anything I ever saw at Madison Square Garden; it is without propaganda, except in the old Richard Harding Davis sense that one vigorous American can lick ten foreigners any time the idea happens to appeal to him; and, finally, there is no young and beautiful French girl to take the boys' minds off their work. As a play, it resists criticism as firmly as the flea circus; as an animated detective story of a very elementary nature, it conceivably has its points.

The idea—probably as good a word as any other—is that an American aviator and his two companions have crashed somewhere on the coast of Occupied France and taken refuge in the loft of an old mill, from which they conduct sabotage operations against the Germans. The natives are sympathetic and the dirty work is progressing very satisfactorily when another Allied flyer drops in, this one with two broken legs. He is obviously quite a problem, since he can't be moved and the others are unwilling to leave him, though by this time the Germans are slowly closing in.

From here on, the action consists largely of narrow escapes from Nazi agents, two of whom are picturesquely slaughtered right there in front of your eyes, while another gets his quite audibly in the basement. The members of the Gestapo, incidentally, are pictured as so incompetent that it seems miraculous that they ever catch anybody—one, impersonating a British flyer, is so clearly a spy that even a typical first-night audience was not deceived, and another is ingenuous enough to turn his back on a young man with a long, sharp knife just because somebody says it's only the local idiot. Unfortunately, our own men don't seem much brighter, exhibiting their most secret maps and plans to practically anyone who asks to see them. In the end, however, through feats of

WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT ?



"MORALE," says the sage, "holds the balance of power in war."

But—what *is* morale?

It is belief in our cause. Determination to win. Knowing how to go about it. It is buying war bonds. Collecting scrap metal. Giving blood. Paying taxes. Complying alertly with ration rules.

But that's not all morale is. Morale is also—coat hangers!

Private Bob Jones, of Minneapolis, now stationed at Brooks Field, Texas, needed coat hangers. So he did what any Minneapolitan-in-a-jam does: wrote to Cedric Adams, columnist-about-town of The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune. Cedric, in a sentence, delineated Private Jones's plight.

Let the Brooks Field public relations office tell the rest:

"Sitting among half a ton of wire, wood and paper, Private Jones found himself like the sorcerer's apprentice who tried to sweep back the engulfing waters with a broom.

"He has received more than 9,000 hangers from all over Minnesota.

"A tailoring firm sent a box of fancy wooden ones. Another generous soul contributed a portable folding set. A grammar school drive netted 500—and a letter of good wishes from the principal. Lonely hearts came through in a big way, their hangers replete with pink ribbons.

"Private Jones equipped seven barracks with coat hangers, and if those he has left were placed shoulder to shoulder, they would reach two and a half miles . . ."

Morale is knowledge and faith . . . and coat hangers.

Cedric Adams

Good newspapers serve the nation by helping build and maintain morale.

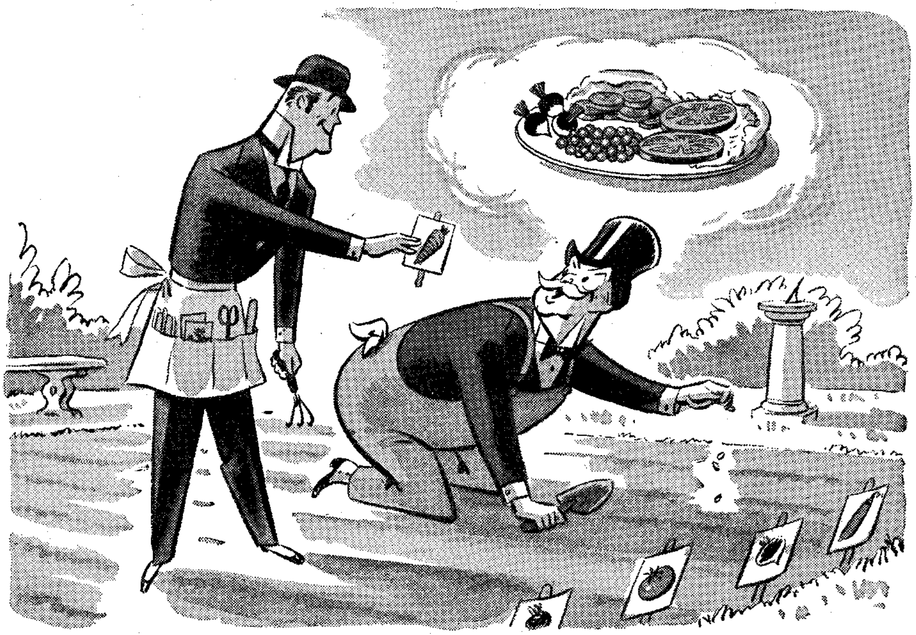
The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune, by furnishing complete news coverage and dependable editorial guidance — and by recognizing that all war and no play makes Jack a dull citizen—play an indispensable part in building morale in Minnesota and the upper Mississippi valley.

Minneapolis Star-Journal *and* Tribune

JOHN COWLES • *President*

STAR-JOURNAL (evening) + TRIBUNE (morning) Over 300,000 ★ SUNDAY TRIBUNE Over 350,000

Metropolitan Moments . . . . by Wisdom

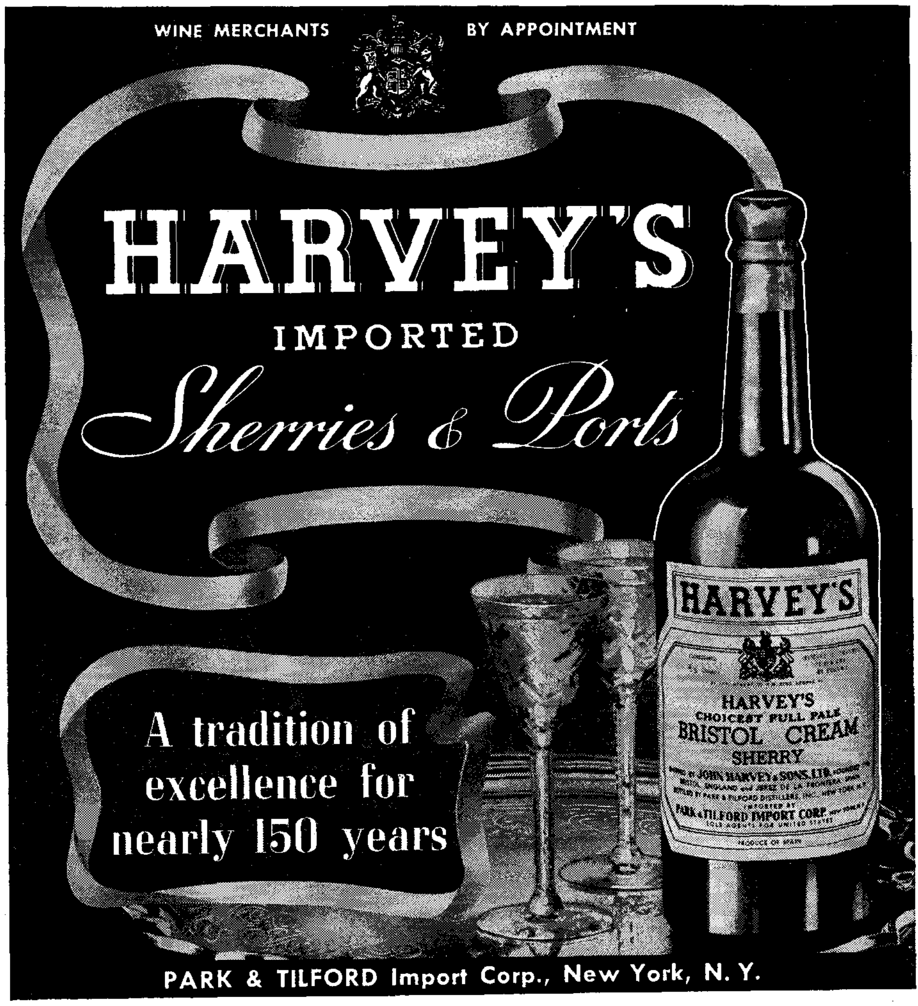


"With a Victory Garden I've Got a Date . . . to Raise Next Winter's Vegetable Plate"

Until such a date as essential war alcohol is no longer needed, Calvert distilleries will continue on a 100% war production basis. In the meantime, your favorite Calvert Reserve will continue to be drawn from the now irreplaceable reserves of rare, selected stocks—laid away in Calvert's huge warehouses. Refined to a magnificent lightness, Calvert Reserve remains, for your enjoyment, the *"finest whiskey you can drink or serve."*

Used in moderation... Calvert Reserve... should last for the duration

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.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PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

skill and daring unparalleled in any comic strip and a couple of fairly remarkable coincidences, everybody escapes, including the audience. Like so many British war plays that got notices ranging from temperate to terrible in New York, "Men in Shadow" ran practically forever in London. I can't believe it will be quite so fortunate here. We are a simple-minded people in a warlike frame of mind, but I doubt if we're quite ready to go to the theatre to see Buck Rogers—not with a good B picture always just around the corner.

Roy Hargrave plays the leader of the saboteurs with the same half-tough, half-hysterical quality he employed before in a play called "Blind Alley," in which he was rather more happily cast as a neurotic gunman, and Michelette Burani and Joseph De Santis do very well as French sympathizers with the Allied cause. Frederick Fox's mill setting is one of the best of the year, though, like most stage designers, he seems to have a lot of faith in the blaze of light that can be obtained from a single candle. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

You'll be "MOON MAD" once you smell this delicious intoxicating scent! It's *exclusive* with Stern's! It's bewitching! At first "MOON MAD" seems to have a tender, gossamer quality. Then it becomes more poignant and plays daringly on the senses with the hot breath of a tropic garden. The package contributes cleverly to the illusion of an amber moon glimmering in a deep midnight blue sky. It was originally designed, at a fabulous price, for the express use of *one* lovely woman, but through her generosity it was released to *all* lovely women. Due to the shortage of the rare imported oils used in the blending of "MOON MAD," the production has been discontinued for the duration. Stern's alone has been chosen to liquidate the remaining supply at less than 50c on the dollar. Street Floor.
ADD 10% FEDERAL EXCISE TAX

—*Adv. in the Times.*

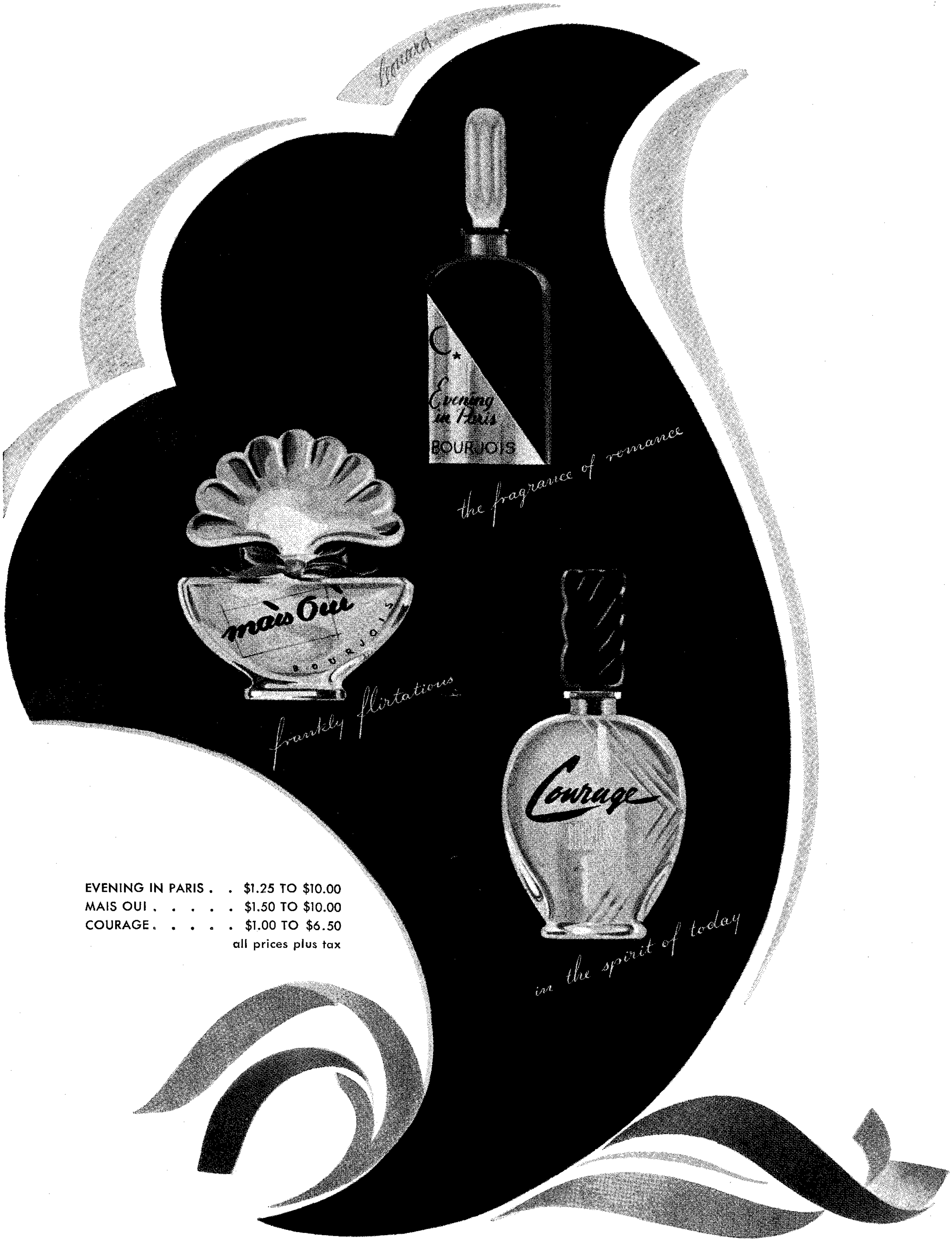
And stay away if you're not lovely.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From Kenkyusha's New Japanese-English Dictionary*]

SHINU, *v.* Die; pass away, breathe one's last; give up one's breath; expire; meet one's end (death); suffer death; end one's life; lose (cast) one's life; perish; be killed; leave this world; go out of earthly life; depart this life; go to a better world; kill oneself; do away with oneself; commit suicide; take one's own life; give (yield) up the ghost; pay the debt of Nature; go to one's long account; join the majority; cross the Styx; sink into the grave; sleep with one's fathers; go the way of all flesh (the earth); go the way of nature; kick the bucket.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BOURJOIS
the fragrance of romance
mais Oui
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frankly flirtatious
Courage
in the spirit of today

EVENING IN PARIS . .	$1.25 TO $10.00
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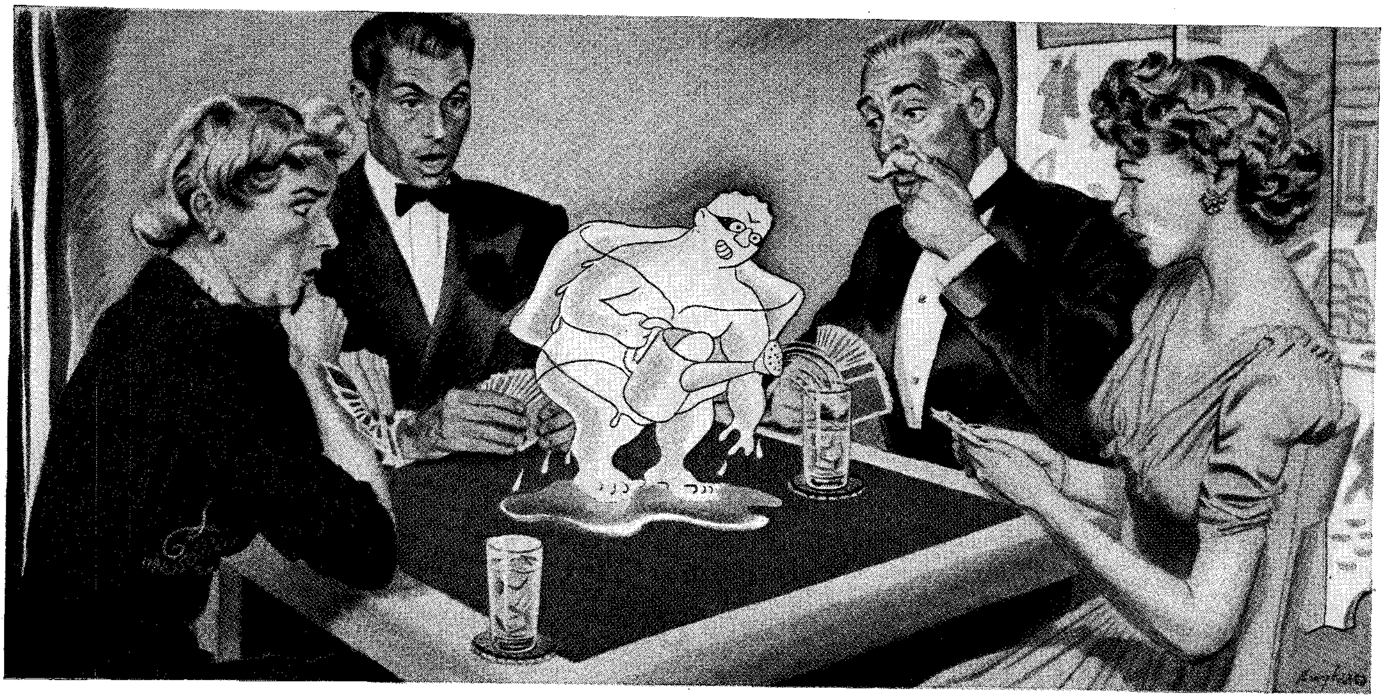
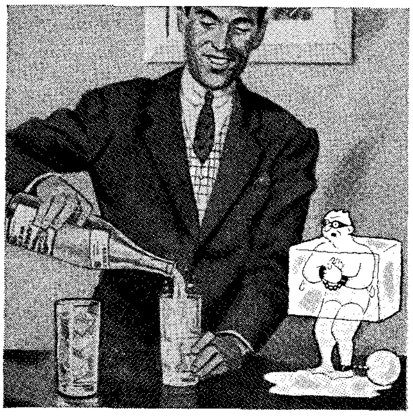
Problem of the Uninvited Guest



A WEIRD LITTLE GUEST lolls around watering the average highball. Who is he? Melting Ice. His air bubbles sneak out, swallow highball bubbles whole, and go joy-riding right out of your drink. Ice water dilutes what's left. That's when sparkle fades . . . flavor fizzles . . . in highballs made with ordinary mixers. Drinks aren't finished. Neither's your mixer. There's one word for that . . . *wasteful.* What to do?



ARREST THIS NUISANCE... Use Canada Dry Water or Ginger Ale, as smart hosts do, and sip finer-flavored drinks. Their "Pin Point Carbonation"*—millions of tinier bubbles—keeps sparkle *alive!*

WHAT? STILL DANCING?... Yes! You'll be amazed how much longer an opened bottle of Canada Dry Water or Ginger Ale, recapped and put in the refrigerator, holds its sparkle . . . its liveliness!*

P. S. When you're out, speak up for these finer mixers and get better drinks.

CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER
CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE

CANADA DRY

Water • Ginger Ale

TOM COLLINS MIXER • LIME RICKEY

Buy the big bottle—save money—conserve caps

*PIN-POINT CARBONATION the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest.

OF ALL THINGS

IT is good news that General Giraud has abolished the Vichy decrees in North Africa. Frenchmen can get along very well without a set of second-hand Hitler whims.

•

The State Department has no confirmation of the persistent rumor that Hitler has suffered a complete breakdown. There is no objection, however, to our enjoying this mild form of entertainment and relaxation.

•

After their struggle last weekend, taxpayers should have a warm fellow-feeling for officials of the Treasury and members of the Ways and Means Committee. Those unhappy gentlemen can't make head or tail of the tax problem either.

•

There is gratifying evidence that Congressmen are feeling a little less hostile to the President. Could it be that the folks back home have demanded some sort of feud rationing?

•

Real-estate experts agree that there will be a great need for new homes when the war is over. On the other hand, nice big factories will be available at a dime a dozen.

•

Horse racing at Saratoga has been called off to conserve gas and rubber. Governor Dewey feels pretty sure that people will not drive clear to Saratoga just for a drink of water.

•

The National Resources Planning Board claims that this country should begin to think about its future. It is time that Uncle Sam asked himself the question "Where will I be in '65?"

•

The rationing of meats and fats will set housewives to longing for the good old prewar days. Then they could have bought all the beefsteaks they wanted, if they had had the money.

•

Service men coming to the city for weekends have considerable trouble finding places to sleep. A soldier might be more comfortable if he just stayed in camp and sent Broadway his regards. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

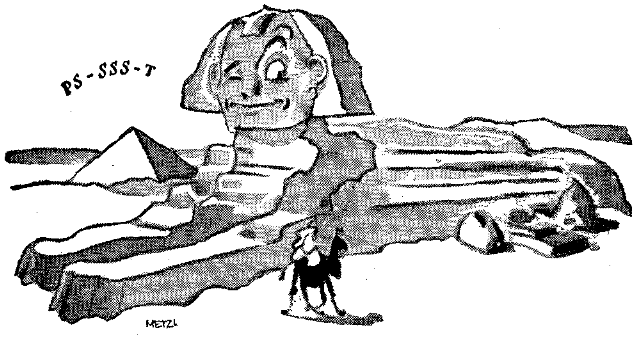
GEORG JENSEN INC.
FIFTH AVENUE at 53rd STREET
NEW YORK

MADE FOR EACH OTHER

There is something in every engagement and wedding ring that is precious to its owner. We have added to that beauty all that superior design and craftsmanship can give any adornment.

Engagement rings from $165 in gold
Wedding rings from $28.50 in gold . . . $8.50 in silver
Write for illustrated booklet

Compared to somebody we know



the SPHINX is an old blabbermouth

All right, so we're exaggerating a trifle. But for over a hundred years the Angostura formula has been, and still is, one of the world's most closely guarded secrets. Formula passed from father to son, we hear, probably with no end of ritual. Their wives can nag and nag but nary a word is uttered.

Write For Free Mixing Guide

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ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

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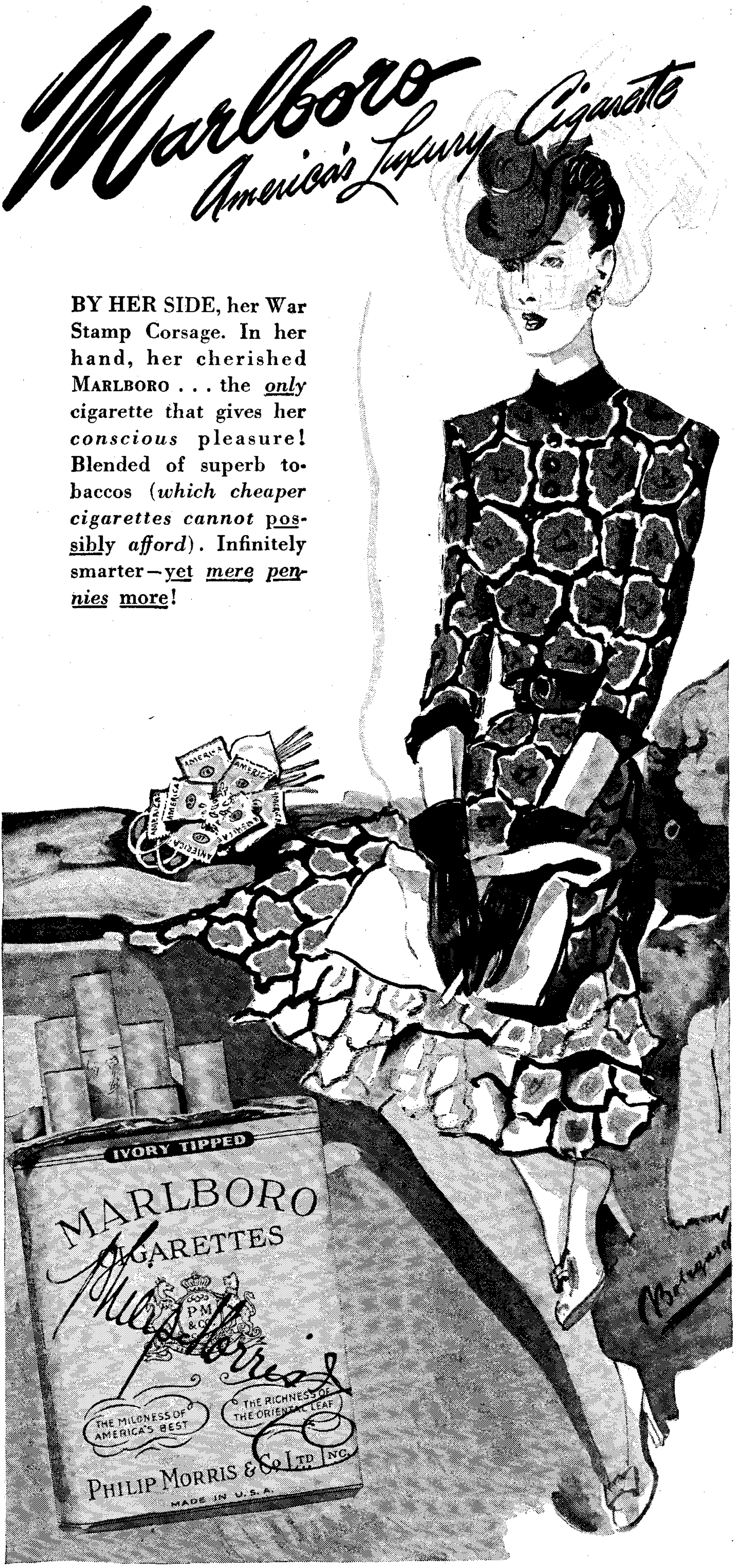
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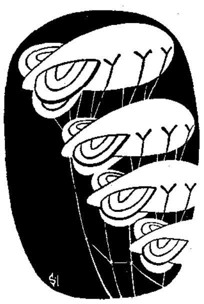
BY HER SIDE, her War Stamp Corsage. In her hand, her cherished **MARLBORO** . . . the *only* cigarette that gives her *conscious* pleasure! Blended of superb tobaccos (*which cheaper cigarettes cannot possibly afford*). Infinitely smarter—yet mere pennies more!

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 14 (BY CABLE)



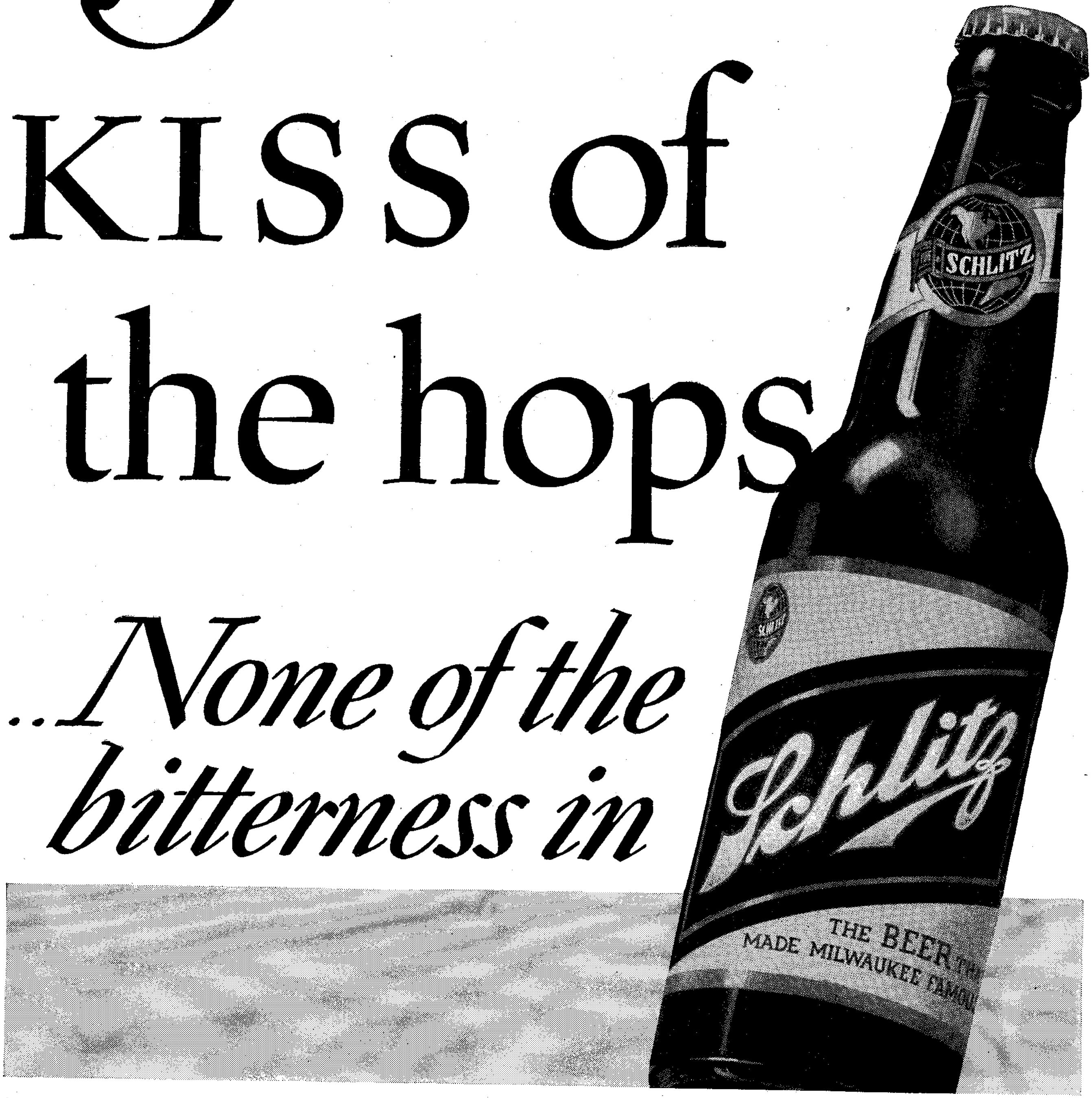
NOW that things are temporarily quieter in Tunisia, local discussions this past week have centred on the fighting in Russia and on affairs right here in the British backyard. Britons have grown so used to cheering Soviet successes that the graver tone of the news from Kharkov caused a possibly unwarranted amount of gloom. What a large section of the public found still more alarming, however, was the realization, pointed up by Mr. Wallace's speech and by the unambassadorial remarks of Admiral Standley, that the United Nations could not yet be said to be functioning as a family, let alone a happy one. For this reason the news of Mr. Eden's arrival in Washington for discussions was received with approval here. The Foreign Secretary's stock, which at one time had slumped, is now back to the point where by common consent he stands first in line to receive the Churchillian toga, should occasion ever make a change necessary. The public, remembering his long and staunch record of working for better Anglo-Russian understanding, is glad that he is going to be present at discussions in which, from all accounts, better understanding all around wouldn't come amiss.

It's possible, of course, that this can be helped along at the Moscow end only by the practical gesture of good will known as the second front, on which press and public are almost as silent, now that it's obviously a part of the year's commitments, as they were noisy a year or so back, when it wasn't. Lots of Englishmen, however, unhappily suspect that until the inauguration of that second front the Russians will go right on concluding that an eye for a pair of boots and a tooth for a sack of flour is still a one-sided sort of exchange.

THERE has been no Parliamentary business to chew over, since the House of Commons took a week off for the obsequies of the late Mr. Speaker and the election of his successor, during which period it was not legally constituted to deal with any sort of national emergency which might have arisen, from an invasion on down. Meanwhile, London has had a Wings for

Just the KISS of the hops

..None of the bitterness in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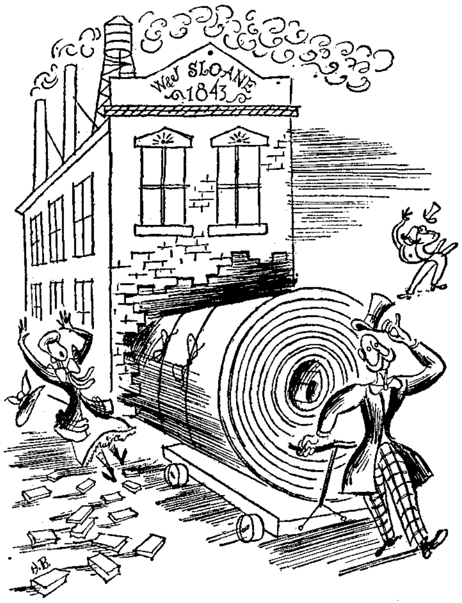
THE BEER THAT
MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

SCHLITZ

Copr. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

SLOANE IS LIKE THIS



Once we had to hack out
the entire side of the factory.
The rug we'd made for the
New York Chamber of Commerce,
being no small fry,
just couldn't be sashayed
out the ordinary way.

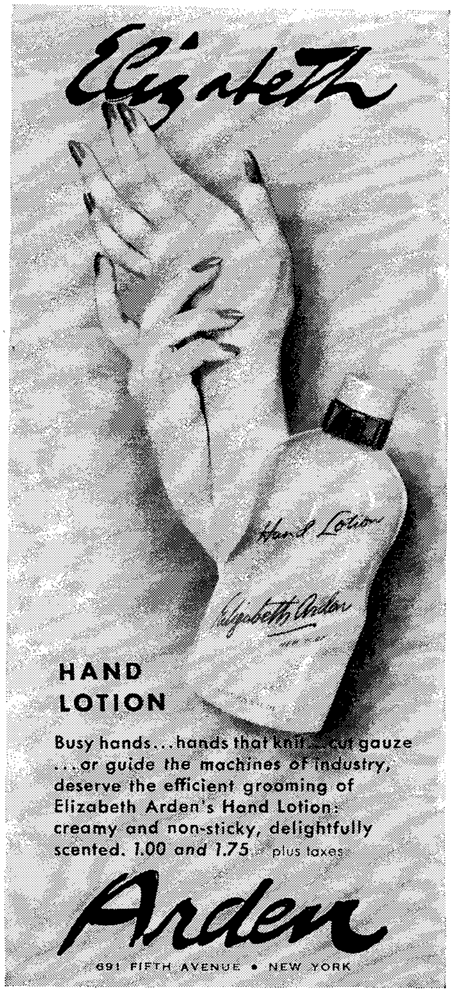
Last year, we ripped up
two floors of our Master
Craftsmen factory...to make
room for the sweep
of the glider wings we're
building for the Army.

In these days when things
are harder to get...and get
done...it's only shrewd
to come to an organization that,
for a century, has moved
mountains when necessary to
satisfy its customers.

W&J SLOANE
FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH • NEW YORK
WASHINGTON, D. C. SAN FRANCISCO
BEVERLY HILLS WHITE PLAINS
A Century of Furnishing America's Homes

Victory Week, to raise funds for building planes by the sale of savings stamps, and, as a grimly appropriate prelude to this event, a few bombs of its own. The day after the big R.A.F. raid on Berlin, Londoners read the news with the satisfied but slightly abstracted air of someone who has just heaved a rock through a window and is wondering whether to duck. That evening the city had the indescribably tense atmosphere of a capital which expects a heavy bombardment. Tube stations were packed with people who had evidently figured out—along with millions of other citizens, who had hardly retired to bed above ground but with their torches and warm slacks more than usually handy—that last night's hell on Unter den Linden would be tonight's purgatory in Piccadilly. They were wrong, as it turned out. However, the following night did produce sirens, the now customary stupendous barrage, and the worst shelter disaster in the history of London blitzes. It's ironic that fear of fragments from the city's own anti-aircraft fire rather than fear of enemy bombs should have caused the rush to get off the streets which resulted in the tragic death of a hundred and seventy-eight Londoners.

Possibly hearing the sirens again helped loosen London's purse strings during the subsequent Wings for Victory Week, during which crowds turned out to help hit the £150,000,000 target by sticking savings stamps on bombs which R.A.F. pilots, speaking from flag-draped rostrums, shyly promised would be dropped on Germany as their personal visiting cards. The show in Trafalgar Square included a Lancaster bomber, resting among the fountains and pigeons, and costers who sold red, white, and blue rosettes with the hoarse injunction to "Wear yer colors," as though the occasion were a glorified boat-race day. A four-in-hand coach toured the city laden with beautiful stage stars imploring the crowds to support the campaign. The effect of this spanking equipage, however, was somewhat spoiled, at least for a ribald section of the spectators, when the coach was held up in traffic for some time be-



HAND
LOTION

Busy hands... hands that knit... cut gauze ...or guide the machines of industry, deserve the efficient grooming of Elizabeth Arden's Hand Lotion: creamy and non-sticky, delightfully scented. 1.00 and 1.75 plus taxes

Arden
691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Curtain!

The St. Regis special theatre dinner (at $3) gets you there to catch the opening curtain

Maisonette
AT THE ST. REGIS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET

A SPACIOUS, PERFECTLY-APPOINTED BEDROOM IN
Your Hotel of Personal Service
THE Belvedere
BALTIMORE'S FINEST HOTEL
Rooms $4.00 Up

hind a particularly odorous London County Council garbage wagon, laden just as heavily, though less glamorously, with stolid dustmen who were getting right on with the job of collecting garbage for victory.

THE publicity for the Wings for Victory campaign made much of a nasty little fellow called a "squander bug," who hides in shopping baskets and exults over all unnecessary purchases which find their way there. However, according to the president of the Board of Trade, there won't be a great many unnecessary purchases of clothing this coming summer simply because the new issue of twenty coupons, which became valid last week, will have to do until the end of August, instead of the end of July, and the next issue may require even more skimping. The effect of almost two years of clothes rationing is becoming apparent in a certain incoherence in nearly all wardrobes, especially those of harried housewives who now have to use coupons to replenish the family's towel supply.

Nevertheless, even the Board of Trade presumably would have smiled benevolently at the queue of amateur gardeners waiting patiently, squander bugs perched on their shoulders, outside a Regent Street seed shop the other day. Certain seeds, such as onions, are in short supply this year, and so are flower seeds. Although the shop was covered with posters sternly depicting nothing but utilitarian carrots and cabbages, it wasn't unusual to hear a customer give his order and then lower his voice and mumble, "Got a packet of sweet peas?," just as though these were prohibition days in America and what was wanted was a quart of Scotch. After all, as Londoners solemnly say, "A few nice flahrs keep your 'eart up."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

There will be no Story Hour Saturday morning as the liquor election will be held in the children's library that day.—*Midland (Tex.) Reporter-Telegram.*

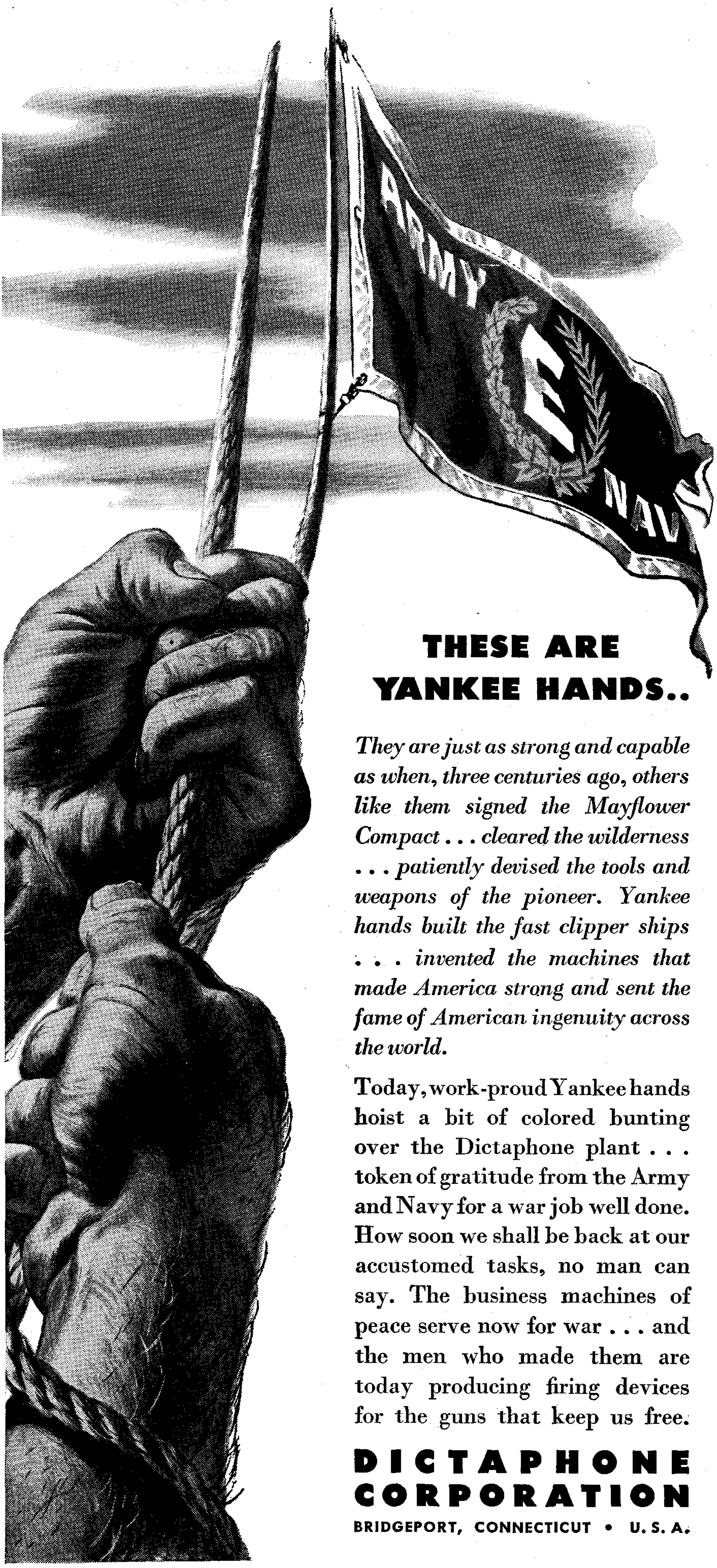
Stick around. Somebody'll think of a story.

•

WELLESLEY VISITORS

Because of the oil shortage at Wellesley College the school has sent several of its students to Washington agencies to obtain practical experience in governmental functions.—*Employees' Bulletin, Board of Economic Warfare.*

Might have been quicker just to drill a well.



THESE ARE YANKEE HANDS..

They are just as strong and capable as when, three centuries ago, others like them signed the Mayflower Compact . . . cleared the wilderness . . . patiently devised the tools and weapons of the pioneer. Yankee hands built the fast clipper ships . . . invented the machines that made America strong and sent the fame of American ingenuity across the world.

Today, work-proud Yankee hands hoist a bit of colored bunting over the Dictaphone plant . . . token of gratitude from the Army and Navy for a war job well done. How soon we shall be back at our accustomed tasks, no man can say. The business machines of peace serve now for war . . . and the men who made them are today producing firing devices for the guns that keep us free.

DICTAPHONE CORPORATION
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT • U. S. A.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE FOAMY FIELDS

IF there is any way you can get colder than you do when you sleep in a bedding roll on the ground in a tent in southern Tunisia two hours before dawn, I don't know about it. The particular tent I remember was at an airfield in a Tunisian valley. The surface of the terrain was mostly limestone. If you put all the blankets on top of you and just slept on the canvas cover of the roll, you ached all over, and if you divided the blankets and put some of them under you, you froze on top. The tent was a large, circular one with a French stencil on the outside saying it had been rented from a firm in Marseilles and not to fold it wet, but it belonged to the United States Army now. It had been set up over a pit four feet deep, so men sleeping in it were safe from flying bomb fragments. The tall tent pole, even if severed, would probably straddle the pit and not hit anybody. It was too wide a hole to be good during a strafing, but then strafings come in the daytime and in the daytime nobody lived in it. I had thrown my roll into the tent because I thought it was vacant and it seemed as good a spot as any other when I arrived at the field as a war correspondent. I later discovered that I was sharing it with two enlisted men.

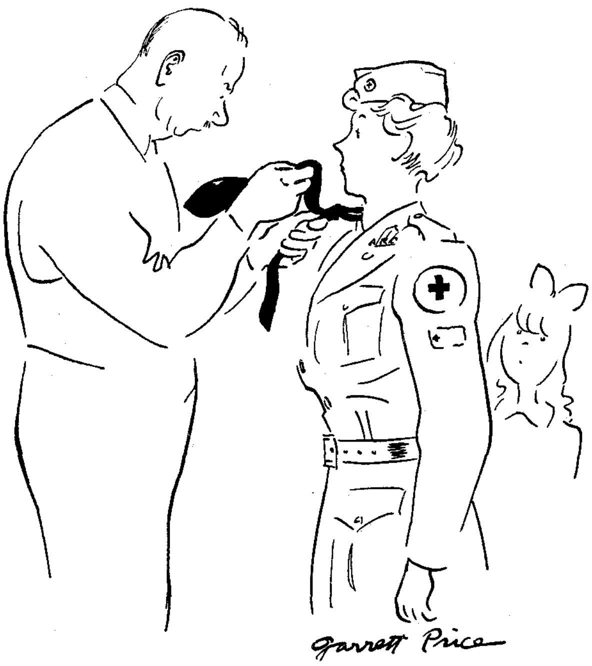
I never saw my tentmates clearly, because they were always in the tent by the time I turned in at night, when we were not allowed to have lights on, and they got up a few minutes before I did in the morning, when it was still dark. I used to hear them moving around, however, and sometimes talk to them. One was from Mississippi and the other from North Carolina, and both were airplane mechanics. The first night I stumbled through the darkness into the tent, they heard me and one of them said, "I hope you don't mind, but the tent we were sleeping in got all tore to pieces with shrapnel last night, so we just moved our stuff in here." I had been hearing about the events of the previous evening from everybody I met on the field. "You can thank God you wasn't here last night," the other man said earnestly. The field is so skillfully hidden in the mountains that it is hard to find by night, and usually the Germans just wander around overhead, dropping their stuff on the wrong hillsides, but for once they had found the right place and some of the light anti-aircraft on the field had started shooting tracers. "It was these guns that gave away where we was," the first soldier said. "Only for that they would have gone away and never knowed the first bomb had hit the field. But after that they knew they was on the beam and they come back and the next bomb set some gasoline on fire and then they really did go to town. Ruined a P-38 that tore herself up in a belly landing a week ago and I had just got her about fixed up again, and now she's got shrapnel holes just about everywhere and she's hopeless. All that work wasted. Killed three fellows that was sleeping in a B-26 on the field and woke up and thought that was no safe place, so they started to run across the field to a slit trench and a bomb got them. Never got the B-26 at all. If they'd stayed there, they'd been alive today, but who the hell would have stayed there?"

"That shrapnel has a lot of force behind it," the other voice in the tent said. "There was a three-quarter-ton truck down on the field and a jaggedy piece of shrapnel went right through one of the tires and spang through the chassix. You could see the holes both sides where she went in and come out. We was in our tent when the shooting started, but not for long. We run up into the hills so far in fifteen minutes it took us four hours to walk back next morning. When we got back we found we didn't have no tent." There was a pause, and then the first soldier said, "Good night, sir," and I fell asleep.

When the cold woke me up, I put my flashlight under the blankets so I could look at my watch. It was five o'clock. Some Arab dogs, or perhaps jackals, were barking in the hills, and I lay uncomfortably dozing until I heard one of the soldiers blowing his nose. He blew a few times and said, "It's funny that as cold as it gets up here nobody seems to get a real cold. My nose runs like a spring branch, but it don't never develop."

WHEN the night turned gray in the entrance to the tent, I woke again, looked at my watch, and saw that it was seven. I got up and found that the soldiers had already gone. Like everyone else at the field, I had been sleeping in my clothes. The only water obtainable was so cold that I did not bother to wash my face. I got my mess kit and walked toward the place, next to the kitchen, where they were starting fires under two great caldrons to heat dish water. One contained soapy water and the other rinsing water. The fires shot up from a deep hole underneath them, and a group of soldiers had gathered around and were holding the palms of their hands toward the flames, trying to get warm. The men belonged to a maintenance detachment of mechanics picked from a number of service squadrons that had been sent to new advanced airdromes, where planes have to be repaired practically without equipment for the job. That morning most of the men seemed pretty cheerful because nothing had happened during the night, but one fellow with a lot of beard on his face was critical. "This location was all right as long as we had all the planes on one side of us, so we was sort of off the runway," he said, "but now that they moved in those planes on the other side of us, we're just like a piece of meat between two slices of bread. A fine ham sandwich for Jerry. If he misses either side, he hits us. I guess that is how you get to be an officer, thinking up a location for a camp like this. I never washed out of Yale so I could be an officer, but I got more sense than that."

"Cheer up, pal," another soldier said. "All you got to do is dig. I got my dugout down so deep already it reminds me of the Borough Hall station. Some night I'll give myself a shave and climb on board a Woodlawn express." Most of the men in camp, I had already noticed, were taking up excavation as a



hobby and some of them had worked up elaborate private trench systems. "You couldn't get any guy in camp to dig three days ago," the Brooklyn soldier said, "and now you can't lay down a shovel for a minute without somebody sucks it up."

Another soldier, who wore a white silk scarf loosely knotted around his extremely dirty neck, a style generally affected by fliers, said, "What kills me is my girl's brother is in the horse cavalry, probably deep in the heart of Texas, and he used to razz me because I wasn't a combat soldier."

The Brooklyn man said to him, "Ah, here's Mac with a parachute tied around his neck just like a dashing pilot. Mac, you look like a page out of *Esquire*."

When my hands began to feel warm, I joined the line which had formed in front of the mess tent. As we passed through, we got bacon, rice, apple butter, margarine, and hard biscuits in our mess tins and tea in our canteen cups. The outfit was on partly British rations, but it was a fairly good breakfast anyway, except for the tea, which came to the cooks with sugar and powdered milk already mixed in it. "I guess that's why they're rationing coffee at home, so we can have tea all the time," the soldier ahead of me said. I recognized the bacon as the fat kind the English get from America. By some miracle of lend-lease they had now succeeded in delivering it back to us; the background of bookkeeping staggered the imagination. After we had got our food, we collected a pile of empty gasoline cans to use for chairs and tables. The five-gallon can, known as a flimsy, is one of the two most protean articles in the Army. You can build houses out of it, use it as furniture, or, with slight structural alterations, make a stove or a locker out of it. Its only rival for versatility is the metal shell of the Army helmet, which can be used as an entrenching tool, a shaving bowl, a wash basin, or a cooking utensil, at the discretion of the owner. The flimsy may also serve on occasion as a bathtub. The bather fills it with water, stands in it, removes one article of clothing at a time, rubs the water hastily over the surface thus exposed, and replaces the garment before taking off another one.

There was no officers' mess. I had noticed Major George Lehmann, the commanding officer of the base, and First Lieutenant McCreedy, the chaplain, in the line not far behind me. Major Lehmann is a tall, fair, stolid man who told me that he had lived in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where he had

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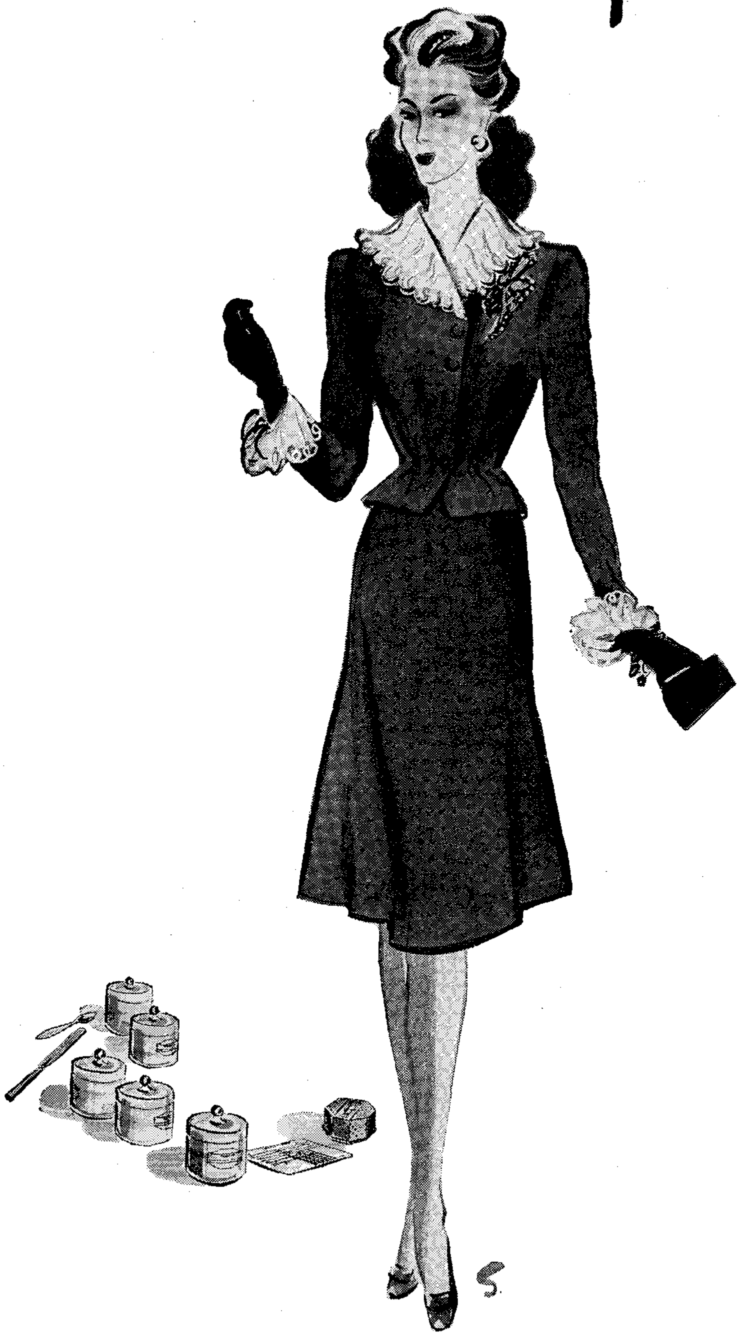

a job with the General Electric Company. When I had reported, on my arrival at the field, at his dugout the evening before, he had hospitably suggested that I stow my blanket roll wherever I could find a hole in the ground, eat at the general mess shack, and stay as long as I pleased. "There are fighter squadrons and some bombers and some engineers and anti-aircraft here, and you can wander around and talk to anybody that interests you," he had said.

Father McCreedy is a short, chubby priest who came from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and had been assigned to a parish in Philadelphia. He always referred to the pastor of this parish, a Father McGinley, as "my boss," and asked me several times if I knew George Jean Nathan, who he said was a friend of Father McGinley. Father McCreedy had been officiating at the interment of the fellows killed in the raid the evening before, and that was all he would talk about during breakfast. He had induced a mechanic to engrave the men's names on metal plates with an electric needle. These plates would serve as enduring grave markers. It is part of a chaplain's duty to see that the dead are buried and to dispose of their effects. Father McCreedy was also special-services officer of the camp, in charge of recreation and the issue of athletic equipment. "So what with one thing and another, they keep me busy here," he said. He told me he did not like New York. "Outside of Madison Square Garden and the Yankee Stadium, you can have it." He wore an outsize tin hat all the time. "I know a chaplain is not supposed to be a combatant," he said, "but if parachute troops came to my tent by night, they'd shoot at me because they wouldn't know I was a chaplain, and I want something solid on my head." He had had a deep hole dug in front of his tent and sometimes, toward dusk, when German planes were expected, he would stand in it waiting and smoking a cigar, with the glowing end of it just clearing the hole.

WHEN I had finished breakfast and scrubbed up my mess kit, I strolled around the post to see what it was like. As the sun rose higher, the air grew warm and the great, reddish mountains looked friendly. Some of them had table tops, and the landscape reminded me of Western movies in Technicolor. I got talking to a soldier named Bill Phelps, who came from the town of Twenty-nine Palms, California. He was working on a bomber that had something the matter with its insides. He confirmed my notion that the country looked like the American West. "This is exactly the way it is around home," he said, "only we got no Ayrabs." A French writer has described the valley bottoms in southern Tunisia as foamy seas of white sand and green alfa grass. They are good, natural airfields, wide and level and fast-drying, but there is always plenty of dust in the air. I walked to a part of the field where there were a lot of P-38's, those double-bodied planes that look so very futuristic, and started to talk to a couple of sergeants who were working on one. "This is Lieutenant Hoelle's plane," one of them said, "and we just finished putting a new wing on it. That counts as just a little repair job out here. Holy God, at home, if a plane was hurt like that, they would send it back to the factory or take it apart for salvage. All we do here is drive a two-and-a-half-ton truck up under the damaged wing and lift it off, and then we put the new wing on the truck and run it alongside the plane again and fix up that eighty-thousand-dollar airplane like we was sticking together a radio set. We think nothing of it. It's a great ship, the 38. Rugged. You know how this one got hurt? Lieutenant Hoelle was strafing some trucks and he come in to attack so low he hit his right wing against a telephone pole. Any other plane, that wing would have come off right there. Hitting the pole that way flipped him over on his back, and he was flying upside down ten feet off the ground. He gripped that stick so hard the inside of his hand was black and blue for a week afterward, and she come right side up and he flew her home. Any one-engine plane would have slipped and crashed into the ground, but those two counter-rotating props eliminate torque." I tried to look as though I understood. "Lieutenant Hoelle is a real man," the sergeant said.

I asked him where Hoelle and the other P-38 pilots were, and he directed me to the P-38 squadron's operations room, a rectangular structure mostly below ground, with walls made out of the sides of gasoline cans and a canvas roof camouflaged with earth. A length of stovepipe stuck out through the roof, making it definitely the most ambitious structure on the field.

HOELLE was the nearest man to the door when I stepped down into the operations shack. He was a big, square-shouldered youngster with heavy eyebrows and a slightly aquiline nose.

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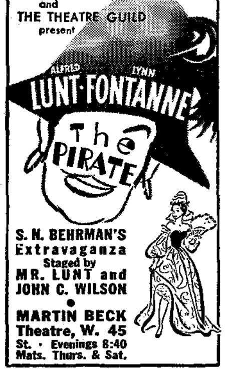

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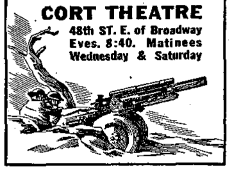

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I explained who I was and asked him who was in charge, and he said, "I am. I'm the squadron C.O. My name's Hoelle." He pronounced it "Holly." There was a fire in a stove, and the shack was warm. Two tiny black puppies lay on a pilot's red scarf in a helmet in the middle of the dirt floor, and they seemed to be the centre of attention. Six or eight lieutenants, in flying togs that ranged from overalls to British Army battle dress, were sitting on gasoline cans or sprawled on a couple of cots. They were all looking at the puppies and talking either to them or their mother, a small Irish setter over in one corner, whom they addressed as Red. "One of the boys brought Red along with him from England," Hoelle said. "We think that the dog that got her in trouble is a big, long-legged black one at the airport we were quartered at there."

"These are going to be real beautiful dogs, just like Irish setters, only with black hair," one of the pilots said in a defensive tone. He was obviously Red's master.

"This is a correspondent," Hoelle said to the group, and one of the boys on a cot moved over and made room for me. I sat down, and the fellow who had moved over said his name was Larry Adler but he wasn't the harmonica player and when he was home he lived on Ocean Parkway in Brooklyn. "I wouldn't mind being there right now," he added.

There was not much in the shack except the cots, the tin cans, a packing case, the stove, a phonograph, a portable typewriter, a telephone, and a sort of bulletin board that showed which pilots were on mission, which were due to go on patrol, and which were on alert call, but it was a cheerful place. It reminded me of one of those secret-society shacks that small boys are always building out of pickup materials in vacant lots. Adler got up and said he would have to go on patrol. "It's pretty monotonous," he said, "like driving a fast car thirty miles an hour along a big, smooth road where there's no traffic. We just stooge around near the field and at this time of day nothing ever happens."

Another lieutenant came over and said he was the intelligence officer of the squadron. Intelligence and armament officers, who do not fly, take a more aggressive pride in their squadron's accomplishments than the pilots, who don't like to be suspected of bragging. "We've been out here for a month," the intelligence officer said, "and we have been doing everything—escort-

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ing bombers over places like Sfax and Sousse, shooting up vehicles and puncturing tanks, going on fighter sweeps to scare up a fight, and flying high looking for a target and then plunging straight down on it and shooting hell out of it. We've got twenty-nine German planes, including bombers and transports with troops in them and fighters, and the boys have flown an average of forty combat missions apiece. That's more than one a day. Maybe you'd like to see some of the boys' own reports on what they have been doing."

I said that this sounded fine, and he handed me a sheaf of the simple statements pilots write out when they put in a claim for shooting down a German plane. I copied part of a report by a pilot named Earnhart, who I thought showed a sense of literary style. He had had, according to the intelligence officer, about the same kind of experience as everybody else in the squadron. Earnhart had shot down a Junkers 52, which is a troop-carrier, in the episode he was describing, and then he had been attacked by several enemy fighters. "As I was climbing away from them," he wrote, "a 20-millimetre explosive shell hit the windshield and deflected through the top of the canopy and down on the instrument panel. Three pieces of shell hit me, in the left chest, left arm, and left knee. I dropped my belly tank and, having the ship under control, headed for my home base. On the way I applied a tourniquet to my leg, administered a hypodermic, and took sulfanilamide tablets. I landed the ship at my own base one hour after I had been hit by the shell. The plane was repaired. Claim, one Ju 52 destroyed." The intelligence officer introduced Earnhart to me. He was a calm, slender, dark-haired boy and he persisted in addressing me as sir. He said he came from Lebanon, Ohio, and had gone to Ohio State.

Still another lieutenant I met was named Gustke. He came from Detroit. Gustke had been shot down behind the German lines and had made his way back to the field. He was a tall, gangling type, with a long nose and a prominent Adam's apple. "I crash-landed the plane and stepped out of it wearing my parachute," he told me, "and the first thing I met was some Arabs who looked hostile to me, and as luck would have it I had forgotten to bring along my .45, so I tripped my parachute and threw it to them, and you know how crazy Arabs are about cloth or anything like that. They all got fighting among themselves for the parachute, and while they were doing that I ran like the dickens and got away from them. I got to a place where there were some Frenchmen, and they hid me overnight and the next day put me on a horse and gave me a guide, who brought me back over some mountains to inside the French lines. I had a pretty sore tail from riding the horse."

A pilot from Texas named Ribb, who stood nearby as Gustke and I talked, broke in to tell me that they had a fine bunch of fellows and that when they were in the air they took care of each other and did not leave anybody alone at the end of the formation to be picked off by the enemy. "In this gang we have no butt-end Charlies," he said feelingly.

I asked Lieutenant Hoelle what was in the cards for the afternoon, and he said that eight of the boys, including himself, were going out to strafe some German tanks that had been reported working up into French territory. "We carry a cannon, which the P-40's don't, so we can really puncture a tank the size they use around here," he said. "We expect to meet some P-40's over the target, and they will stay up high and give us cover against any German fighters while we do a job on the tanks. Maybe I had better call the boys together and talk it over."

A couple of pilots had begun a game of blackjack on the top of the packing case, and he told them to quit, so he could spread a map on it. At that moment an enlisted man came in with a lot of mail and some Christmas packages that had been deposited by a courier plane. It was long after Christmas, but that made the things even more welcome, and all the pilots made a rush for their packages and started tearing them open. Earnhart, one of the men who were going on the strafe job, got some National Biscuit crackers and some butterscotch candy and a couple of tubes of shaving cream that he said he couldn't use because he had an electric razor, and the operations officer, a lieutenant named Lusk, got some very rich home-made cookies that an aunt and uncle had sent him from Denver. We were all gobbling butterscotch and cookies as we gathered round the map Hoelle had spread. It was about as formal an affair as looking at a road map to find your way to Washington, Connecticut, from New Milford. "We used to make more fuss over briefings in England," the intelligence officer said, "but when you're flying two or three times a day, what the hell?" He pointed out the place on the map where the tanks were supposed to be, and all the fellows said they knew where it was, having been there before. Hoelle said they would take off at noon. After a while he and the seven other boys went out onto the field to get ready, and I went with them. On the way there was more talk about P-38's and how some Italian prisoners had told their captors that the Italian army could win the war easy if it wasn't for those fork-tailed airplanes coming over and shooting them up, a notion that seemed particularly to amuse the pilots. Then I went to the P-38 squadron mess with Adler, who had just returned from patrol duty and wasn't going out on the strafe job, and Gustke, who was also remaining behind. This mess was relatively luxurious. They had tables with plates and knives and forks on them, so they had no mess tins to wash after every meal. "We live well here," Adler said. "Everything high-class."

"The place the planes are going is not very far away," Gustke said, "so they ought to be back around half past two."

WHEN we had finished lunch, I took another stroll around the post. I was walking toward the P-38 squadron's operations shack when I saw the planes begin to return from the mission. The first one that came in had only the nose wheel of its landing gear down. There was evidently something the matter with the two other wheels. The plane slid in on its belly and stopped in a cloud of dust. Another plane was hovering over the field. I noticed, just after I spotted this one, that a little ambulance was tearing out onto the field. Only one of the two propellers of this plane was turning, but it landed all right, and then I counted one, two, three others, which landed in good shape. Five out of eight. I broke into a jog toward the operations shack. Gustke was standing before the door looking across the field with binoculars. I asked him if he knew whose plane had belly-landed, and he said it was a Lieutenant Moffat's and that a big, rough Texas pilot whom the other fellows called Wolf had been in the plane that had come in with one engine out. "I see Earnhart and Keith and Carlton, too," he said, "but Hoelle and the other two are missing."

A jeep was coming from the field toward the operations shack, and when it got nearer we could see Wolf in it. He looked excited. He was holding his right forearm with his left hand, and when the jeep got up to the shack he jumped out, still holding his arm.

"Is it a bullet hole?" Gustke asked. "You're a sonofabitch it's a bullet

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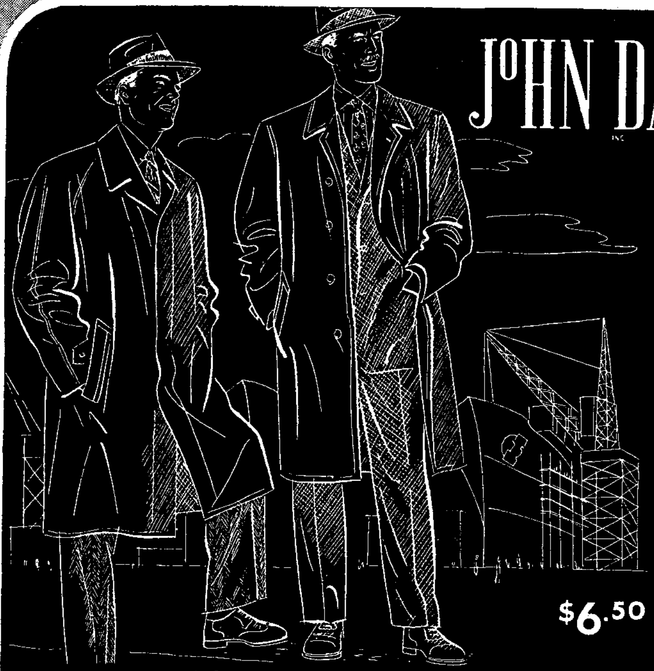

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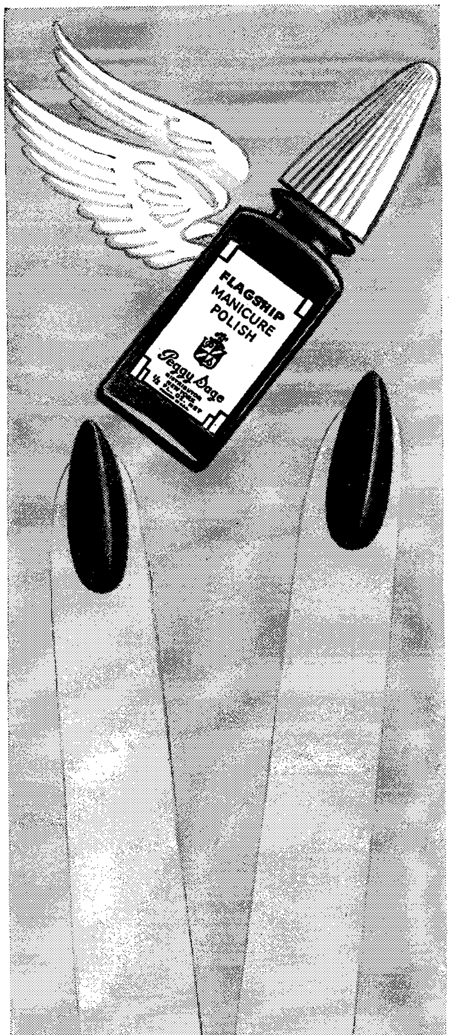

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hole!" Wolf shouted. "The sonofabitching P-40's sonofabitching around! As we came in, we saw four fighters coming in the opposite direction and Moffat and I went up to look at them and they were P-40's, coming away. The other fellows was on the deck and we started to get down nearer them, to about five thousand, and these sonofabitching 190's came out of the sun and hit Moffat and me the first burst and then went down after the others. There was ground fire coming up at us, too, and the sonofabitches said we was going to be over friendly territory. I'm goddam lucky not to be killed."

"Did we get any of them?" Gustke asked.

"I know I didn't get any," Wolf said, "but I saw at least four planes burning on the ground. I don't know who the hell they were."

By that time another jeep had arrived with Earnhart, looking utterly calm, and one of the mechanics from the field. "My plane is all right," Earnhart told Gustke. "All gassed up and ready to go. They can use that for patrol."

The telephone inside the shack rang. It was the post first-aid station calling to say that Moffat was badly cut up by glass from his windshield but would be all right. The mechanic said that the cockpit of Moffat's plane was knee-deep in hydraulic fluid and oil and gas. "No wonder the hydraulic system wouldn't work when he tried to get the wheels down," the mechanic said. The phone rang again. This time it was group operations, calling for Earnhart, Keith, and Carlton, all three of them unwounded, to go over there and tell them what had happened. The three pilots went away, and a couple of the men got Wolf back into a jeep and took him off to the first-aid station. Hoelle and the two other pilots were still missing. That left only Gustke and me, and he said in a sad young voice, like a boy whose chum has moved to another city, "Now we have lost our buddies."

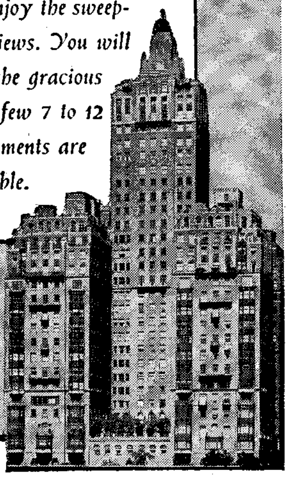
A COUPLE of days later I learned that Hoelle had bailed out in disputed territory and made his way back to our lines, but the two other boys are either dead or prisoners.

—A. J. Liebling

•

James H. Van Alen of Northern Boulevard has been ill for the past two weeks with grippe. caused by fire.—*Roslyn (N.Y.) News.*

What origin?



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"To give generously of my time and thoughts . . ."

"To utilize the written word, with every grace and art at my command . . ."

"To communicate joy and hope and cheer . . ."

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HAS DOUBLEDAY, DORAN GONE CRAZY?

OR, HOW TO ACQUIRE A SEVERE CASE OF FRUSTRATION

EVER since Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., vice-president of Doubleday, Doran & Co., went off to war, I have been wondering what would happen to this fine old publishing house. At last I know; Doubleday, Doran has gone crazy. Strong words, I hear you say, yet what else *can* one say of a firm which heralded the publication of "Blind Date with Mars," by Alice-Leone Moats, with the following come-on advertisements, both of which appeared in recent issues of a literary trade journal:

> A "party girl" reporter's last-minute romp through Japan, China, Russia, and North Africa . . . peep-holing at diplomatic gatherings and tarrying at the orgies of relaxing warriors.

> . . . Her unfettered travelog commenced when Miss Moats was commissioned by *Collier's* to get inside Russia and report on that country . . . Famous personages are here characterized at first-hand in a refreshingly uninhibited manner, and the reader follows her breathless career through diplomatic circles . . . and through the orgies of relaxing warriors.

"Hey, hey!" I said to myself after reading these, for I like the idea of a literary *voyeuse* (I took it for granted that Miss Moats had not *participated* in these orgies) as much as the next Peeping Tom, and off I went to the nearest lending library. "Hey, hey!" I said, with a wink. "How about 'Blind Date with Mars'?" The clerk, returning my wink, put on a paper cap and began to twirl a noisemaker. "We'll send it along in a few days—plain wrapper, of course," he said.

The book came last Wednesday, and I commenced to comb it for uninhibited characterizations of famous personages. Of Ambassador Grew, I read: "He was one of the few American ambassadors I ever met whom I regarded with pride. . . . He not only looked exactly as an ambassador should; he acted like one." Of Stalin: "It seems to me that one might safely assume that a man who rose to be dictator of the U.S.S.R. would necessarily possess extraordinary faculties." Of Ralph Ingersoll: "To our surprise, we found [him] quite likable." Of Averell Harriman: "It was wonderful to see an old friend again." Of William Batt, a member of the Harriman mission to Russia: "During the long talk we had he impressed me as a man of outstanding ability and intelligence."

MY spirits sank a trifle, and I resolved to revive them, as well as my faith in Doubleday, Doran, by jotting down all the descriptions of orgies of relaxing warriors at which Miss Moats tarried, or even peep-holed, however briefly. An orgy, according to Webster, is a drunken revel. I have read every word of Miss Moats' four hundred and eighty-six pages, and as Dionysius is my judge, the following are the only passages which could conceivably be regarded as descriptive of orgies at which she was present:

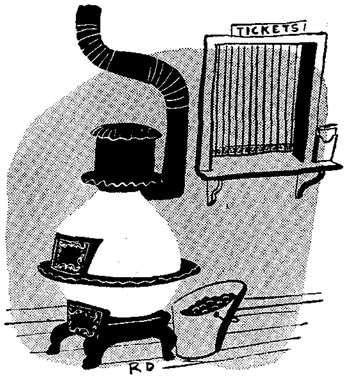
> We met in the lobby for a cocktail. "Imagine," I kept saying between swallows, "being able to order a cocktail at ten o'clock at night, and one made with English gin!" . . . We had dinner on the roof of the Cathay, where there was an orchestra, a floor show put on by some blowzy White Russians, and even champagne.

No relaxing warriors present. The man with whom Miss Moats is wining and dining is a Mr. Millard, a newspaperman whom she describes as having "lived in the Orient forty years and covered nine major wars." Millard probably was in no shape for an orgy in any case.

> Johnny Morris, the Far Eastern manager of the U.P., offered to send a cable. . . . It read: [Miss Moats] DID MORE FOR THIS TOWN THAN VORONOFF COULD HAVE DONE EVEN IF HE USED MIRRORS. . . .

This sounds like the McCoy, but it's pretty indirect. We never really get to *see* Miss Moats and her mirror substitutes in action, and again there's the question: Were there any warriors present or was it just the U.P. boys who relaxed?

> The Frenchman announced that he didn't feel like smoking either, and we retired to the next room where, while eloquently describing his wife's great qualities, he promptly made a pass at me. Apparently he had accepted my lack of interest in opium as a sign of passion for him. After dispelling his illusions I ordered a lemonade. As I drank it, it occurred to me that I had certainly chosen a queer place to drink a lemon squash.



Not really an orgy. (See also the first two citations.) The Frenchman was a man in charge of the local radio station in Hanoï.

> We were anxious to meet the King of Cambodia. Unfortunately he was away at his country place, resting up from the fatigue of keeping one hundred wives happy.

An orgy in the offing, I guess, but Miss Moats seems to have muffed it.

> I gave several dinner parties . . . Vodka was practically unattainable, but there was always plenty of liquor at my parties, as the diplomats provided me with vintage wines, French champagne, gin, vermouth, whisky, and brandy.

The old warrior question again. Moreover, it isn't even stated whether anyone got drunk.

> We went into the soldiers' mess. . . . The soldiers sat around several deal tables decorated with vases of flowers. They were eating big platefuls of soup with hunks of meat in it, and the piles of black bread on each table were about two feet high. There were several untouched carafes of kvass (a pinkish liquor made from bread).

Warriors this time, but no orgy. They didn't even quaff that kvass.

> We stayed until the garden closed. The men had drunk a great deal of beer and were feeling gay. One put his arm around my waist and we walked as far as the trolley car that way.

Beery as all-getout, but no hard liquors or warriors. Miss Moats describes her companions as "three workers, two from a parachute factory and one from an aviation factory."

> After that a fried-chicken-and-pancake dinner became a weekly event at Cassidy's or Magidoff's. When the stock of syrup began to run low and the embassy refused to sell any more we would invite a member of the staff to the parties on condition that he would bring a bottle with him.

Not an orgy, and besides Cassidy and Magidoff are newspapermen.

> On one occasion, at a tea party, a Russian asked me what I was doing that evening. "I am meeting So-and-So for dinner at nine o'clock," I replied. He looked at his watch. "It's only seven now," he observed thoughtfully. "Two hours. That would give us plenty of time to do what I have in mind."

This Russian is not identified as a warrior. Miss Moats doesn't even make it clear whether he succeeded in relaxing.

> I was preparing to back out hastily when Quent grabbed my arm and mut-

THIS WILL PUT YOU TO SLEEP

WHAT CAUSES
NIGHTMARES?
Lobster? Welsh rabbit? Mothers-in-law? Gremlins? You can't prevent *all* nightmares, but a few common causes can be eliminated. Unless your nightmares are fun, better read the discussion in "This Will Put You To Sleep". Send for it...

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tered, "As long as we're here we might as well have some champagne." He picked a couple of glasses off a small table, and I drank mine.

Quent is Quentin Reynolds, a civilian.

The Army Day celebration was continued that afternoon with a tea given by Vichinsky for the diplomats and correspondents . . . Voroshilov was there as well as several generals . . . There were fruit, caviar, cake, and even tomatoes. There were platters of cold meats and white-bread sandwiches. There were vodka, red and white Caucasian wines, port, sherry, brandy, and champagne. We all of us behaved like kids let loose in a candy store, and I'm afraid that by the end of the party there were few sober guests.

Drunken revelry, all right, and several generals on hand, but "We all of us behaved like kids let loose in a candy store, and I'm afraid that by the end of the party there were few sober guests" is a hell of a way for an unfettered, peep-holing party girl to describe an orgy.

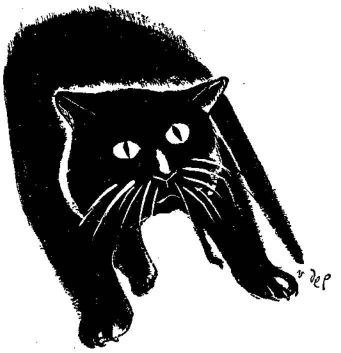
One evening Hugo took me to dinner at Cyrano's. . . . After that we made a round of the dives, which were out of bounds for officers. Hugo solved the problem by removing the lieutenant's pips from his shoulders. We took in most of the dance halls and cafés. . . . At the first one a Sutherland and Argyll private, wearing Tartan "trews" . . . sat down at our table. I expressed great admiration for the pants. . . . The soldier was feeling in such high spirits that he offered to take them off then and there, but Hugo put a stop to the whole thing by rudely observing that I wouldn't fit into them. . . .

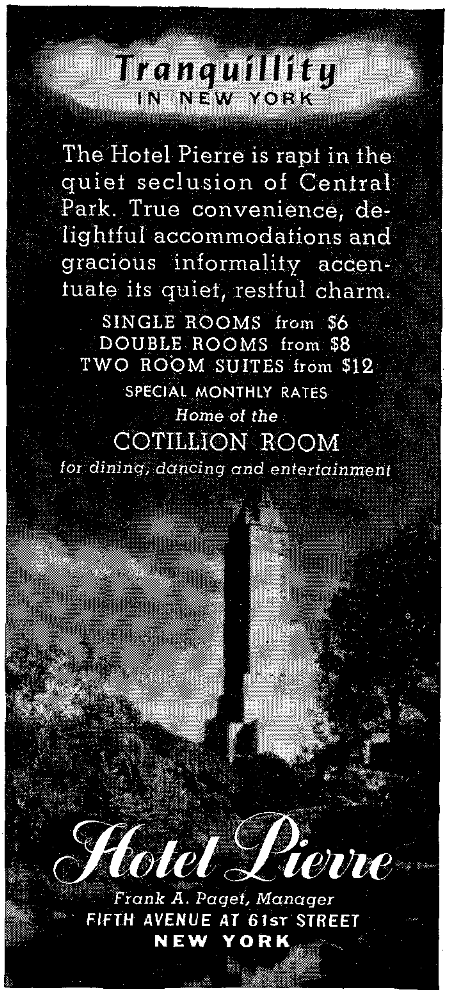
At the last place . . . we were joined by a couple of very nice lads belonging to Hugo's regiment. . . . They had a drunken American planter in tow. . . .

Hugo and I were hungry and suggested that the two soldiers accompany us to the oyster bar. On the way over they entertained us by singing verse after verse, one more improper than the other, of the Royal Engineers' song. . . .

The oyster bar was closed. It looked as though there were nothing for it but to go home. We offered the two soldiers a lift, which they refused. "Where are you going?" I was indiscreet enough to inquire.

"We are going where we shouldn't," one of them confessed. Then he went on,





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Rates to fit every purse. (American dollar worth $1.10.) 90 miles north of Montreal. Early reservations suggested. *Winter season through April.*

MONT TREMBLANT
LODGE
Mont Tremblant
P.Q., Canada

"You know, miss, after three years in Singapore a man loses his ideals."

In this passage Miss Moats unquestionably comes closest to living up to her publishers' promises. It has relaxing warriors, misplaced pips, over-indulgence in liquor, and a touch of sex. However, that Sutherland and Argyll private didn't actually take off his trews, and I doubt if the motivation behind his offer to do so was orgiastic, anyway. Miss Moats was in a Singapore café when she expressed "great admiration for the pants;" remember that in the Orient a belch is a sign of *politesse* and to express admiration for an article of personal apparel is to invite its acquisition. The soldier was probably just a well-assimilated type. Moreover, the only drunk mentioned in this passage was not a warrior but a planter. Furthermore, Miss Moats doesn't say what those two soldiers at the end were up to, nor is she in at the kill. An orgy-*hinter*, perhaps, but certainly no orgy-tarrier, she—like Doubleday, Doran—simply raises the reader's curiosity without satisfying it.

If I were the editor of *Collier's*, I would send Miss Moats right back to Cambodia with a flask, an expense account, and instructions to lay off pancakes and lemon squashes during working hours.

—Geoffrey-Theodore Hellman

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

It was particularly worth while and, as the event proved, very exciting to hear again the familiar symphony of Sibelius... More than ever impressive is the primitive freshness and originality of the writing; the power of its simplicity; the new use to which familiar chords are put; the new conception of instrumental coloring, so singularly evocative of Northern nature, and, above all, the grandeur and heroism of its spirit.... And there is nothing untouched with grandeur and pathos, and the sense of a spirit heroically alone, self-communing and, most fortunately, apart from the patent insincerities and affectations, the feebleness and empty pose which, in the field of composition, have especially infested this age.—*Olin Downes in the Times, February 15th.*

Even the finest performance in the world of the Second Symphony of Sibelius, however, can scarcely mitigate the antipathy one feels toward a work so basically anti-musical. Such a conscientious rendition as was given last night merely emphasized its pretentious conception and the academic fashion in which the composer carried out that conception. Listened to as the accompaniment to a Western film, the second movement, for instance, might be pleasurable; alone it is altogether hateful.—*Paul Bowles in the Herald Tribune, February 15th.*

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Soft, supple rayon crepe...all-season, all-day standby.
Minute white motifs on black or navy, green on black.

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• Made only of the finest quality split lambs' gut. Produced in the same plant where meticulous standards and constant inspection have developed the finest surgical sutures, Chrome Twist Tennis & Badminton Gut reflects that same care and workmanship. Johnson Suture Corporation, 5001 West 67th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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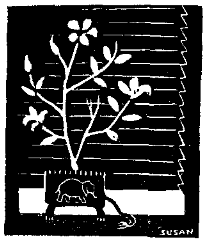
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



ONE of the hazards of having to do without, the results of which are already becoming apparent, is the temptation of buyers for our shops to stock up with any old thing they can get their hands on out of sheer relief at finding something to buy. It is a pleasure to report that no such weakness has overcome Alice H. Marks, at 6 East 52nd Street, where the wares, though perhaps not as varied as they once were, still scrupulously avoid the slightest semblance of junk. As always, Alice Marks knows where to find and how to choose the best in tableware and small furniture of the sort people like for wedding presents or occasional treats for themselves. This year she has, for one thing, what seems to me to be the perfect table mats, and if you can think of anything more necessary in the midst of the laundry crisis than a good supply of mats which don't require tubbing, you're way ahead of me. These mats are of the handy variety, being made, in bright colors or pastels, of that waterproof material called Permatex, which means that they can be wiped clean with a damp cloth and will also serve as heat pads—something that most mats unfortunately will not do. These mats are padded and quilted on the top side and lined on the other. Napkins to go with them are of plain, dark linens and match the lining on the backs of the mats and the narrow bindings around their edges. A set of eight mats costs $9.50 and eight napkins cost $4.

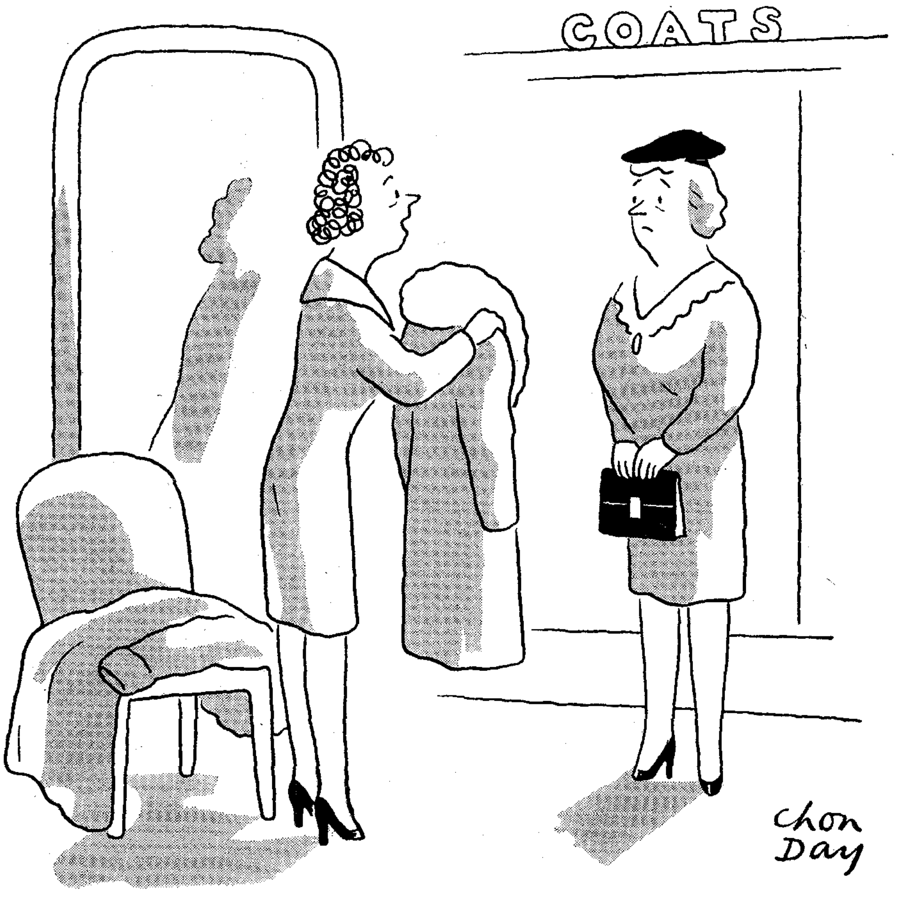
I don't know where you'll find prettier china for the wartime bride than some cream-white pieces here that have a new American pattern of garlands of tiny and delicately drawn green leaves and apple blossoms. This china is open stock and inexpensive (a complete dinner service for eight is only $22.50), so the newly married budget housewife can replace her broken pieces readily and at little cost. Or maybe she'd like giant individual bake-serve dishes of ovenproof pottery shaped like deeply cupped oyster shells ($3 for a set of four), packed with a booklet of simple recipes for the sea-food dishes we'll probably be eating a lot more of. Or again, if she's a giver of informal parties, you might consider an oak plank mounted on reed-wrapped legs and holding, in holes in its surface, three deep white earthenware hot-food pots, with covers and ladles ($24 complete).

About the only metalware in sight at Alice Marks is Mexican tin, here—as elsewhere—used chiefly in serving trays of all sizes. She also presents it in less-expected items, such as highly decorative watering cans, with all-over floral patterns pressed into them ($2.50), and globe-shaped bird cages, which look much like the old French baskets for whirling lettuce dry after washing it and would be charming for a terrace or sun room ($4). The trays are of that attractive, lightweight, galleried sort, made of wood and covered with the tin, as bright and shining as new silver plate and impervious to tarnish. Some of the largest ones have the gallery on three sides only, so that they can be set up on a tall rack or a high luggage stand and used as a bar. These cost up to around $25.

Among the new pieces of furniture here, a two-tiered, mahogany-finished serving table seems destined to take its place among the minor classics. It's like an old-fashioned muffin stand, with a handle on top to carry it around with. The two shelves are pivoted amidships and when they are not in use they can be swung to a vertical position, so that the table can be stored away in a very small space. This design is simple enough to satisfy the most rabid functionalist and offers anybody practically endless usefulness for $10.

REPAIRS, CONSERVATION, AND MAINTENANCE CORNER: The most recent ounce-of-prevention notion around town is flameproofing for clothing and household effects (draperies, upholstered furniture, rugs, and so on). You can get this service through Lewis & Conger, Hammacher Schlemmer, or any of the Marie Morrison drycleaning shops. The people who do this work—it's Feller-Jones, the famous mothproofers, just to set your mind at rest—will undertake jobs as small as a single tulle dress, which can be made flameproof in ten minutes at a minimum cost of $5 or so, or as large as a whole house or apartment full of vulnerable things, which may take a corps of men several days and cost almost anything.

Feller-Jones are still, of course, mothproofing as of old and think that their work, which carries a guarantee of five-



"Ten per cent of this one is all wool."

year immunity for whatever they treat, is more valuable than ever before, a claim which, in view of shortages present and future, you really can't quarrel with. There doesn't seem to be much change, if any, in the prices for this work. It costs twelve cents a square foot to mothproof rugs of any sort, $3.75 for a three-piece suit or a man's overcoat, $15 for an overstuffed sofa, $25 for a grand piano, and like that. Lewis & Conger or Hammacher Schlemmer will send an estimator around to look your situation over.

For the shine on your well-preserved wool suit, there's the invaluable Bestway Shine Removing Company, 416 Madison Avenue (49th), whose name is far too modest, since it doesn't even hint that the process used not only removes the polish but restores the nap. The cost for treating a suit of clothes runs around $4.

Macy has added two household-maintenance services to the innumerable ones already operated by department stores in town. The first of them does expert retying and rewebbing on box springs and will replace broken springs and worn felt and ticking; the other specializes in drycleaning slipcovers, comforters, blankets, fancy dressing-table petticoats, and curtains, and seems to do a very neat and careful job on all of them.

Don't forget J. B. Butler for your china and glass repairs, either; it's still at the old stand at 239 Fifth Avenue (27th). This place won't pick up or deliver but will take on almost any kind of job, replacing nicked-out bits with a skill that defies the naked eye and riveting tableware and serving pieces so that they can be washed without coming apart. —B. B.

MARKETS AND MENUS

In Sickness and in Health

THIS certainly is no time to be ill, what with doctors as scarce as they are, so I hope I am not putting ideas in anyone's head when I report on a service that makes invalidism pleasant. The Home Bureau, 427 Park Avenue (56th), apparently thinks civilian health is still worth bothering about and proves its solicitude by operating a fine diet kitchen where invalid foods are cooked to order. You don't often get perfection's street address and telephone number in this department, but in describing the Home Bureau's chicken or beef broth or in speaking of its cream-of-chicken soup with tender bits of white meat floating in it, "perfect" is as restrained as

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Just as a stirring symphony is a masterful blend of musical notes to produce an agreeable harmony of sound...so Park & Tilford *Private Stock* is a skilful blend of fine American whiskies to create an harmonious luxury of flavor. In Park & Tilford *Private Stock*, the ancient and difficult art of whiskey blending reaches a new peak of modern perfection — superbly rich, exceptionally agreeable in taste! The additional cost to you is trifling — the additional enjoyment is surprising.

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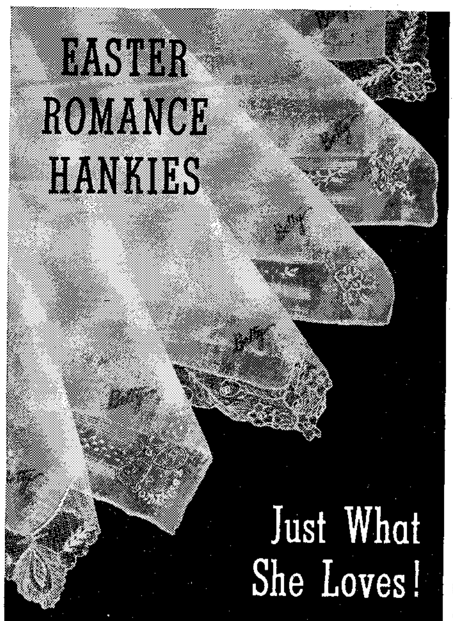

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6, assorted.......... $12.75
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Don't delay . . . Enclose her full name with address.

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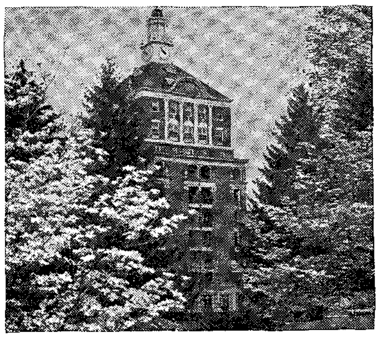
SPRINGTIME AT THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



OVERNIGHT FROM EASTERN POINTS

UNEQUALLED FOR REST AND RELAXATION

For booklets, rates, etc., address The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia, or our New York office in the Waldorf-Astoria, PLaza 8-2289

any adjective I can think of. One taste of these beautifully made specialties and you will know exactly what was in Escoffier's mind when he ran on for page after page about the importance of soup-making.

The Home Bureau has been in business for something over fifty years, but, bless its heart, it has been heard from very little, having a conviction, odd for this time and place, that getting one's picture in the paper doesn't prove much concerning the quality of one's service. Even now the Bureau is a bit nervous about sashaying into print and hopes that a lot of people to whom one soup is the same as another won't be knocking at its door. I hope so, too, for I hate to think of that sparkling, jellied broth falling into the hands of anybody who looks upon a jellied broth as a liquid to which gelatin has been added.

Besides the broths and soup, the Bureau will send out to convalescents, or even to people who just have a taste for such simple fare, a broiled chicken, or a fat little squab, or a couple of lamb chops with a fresh vegetable, or a bland dessert, like wine jelly or custard. As even the marketing is done to order, you can't, of course, expect to have these delicacies rushed to you on a few hours' notice.

THE New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), is another place where very fine invalid food can be ordered. There is a chicken consommé (I think the Exchange calls it broth) which is not only strong enough to make your hair curl but flavored so suavely and delicately that it would cut as fine a figure at a dinner party as on an invalid's tray. I think no shame of myself that I tasted the entire contents of the pint jar which I had bought to take to an ill friend.

The Exchange also furnishes well-made custards and prune whip, an excellent calf's-foot jelly, and, for those who are feeling better, thank you, a broiled or roasted chicken. It will even turn out a small, old-fashioned rice pudding, if that's the sort of invalid you have on your hands.

TRADE WINDS, 56 East 55th Street, makes a good, strong chicken broth, too, and will add to it some of the shop's famous homemade noodles if you want it done that way. Here you can also get the delicious *Oblaten*, those paper-thin sweet wafers which make such a welcome gift to take along when you are visiting the ailing. These are al-

URBAN SUBURBAN

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ways in stock, but the broth, naturally, must be ordered in advance.

THE rationing of canned things has had at least one result for which we can be thankful in that it turns us back to foods which are in some instances far superior in their uncanned state. Anybody who knows how to get the best out of sauerkraut (and a very fine best that can be) knows that it should come straight out of the barrel, with no intermediate stop at the canner's. As this is also the way to get the best out of a ration book, cooks will do well to remember how satisfactorily sauerkraut accommodates itself to poultry and the oddments of meat that come our way these days. Boiled with the heel of last night's bottle of dry white wine, an onion or two, and plenty of whole black peppers and then drained and left to simmer with some sour cream, sauerkraut makes a wonderfully easy bed on which to place anything, from a roast pheasant to broiled pigs' trotters or a fine piece of corned beef. A couple of frankfurters served up in this manner would cause anybody with nostalgic memories of Balzar's, on the Rue des Écoles in Paris, to burst into tears.

Another silver lining in the rationing business might be the turning of housewives' minds to salt codfish—the sort that comes in thick white pieces in a wooden box. Just let an imaginative cook run over some of those old-fashioned recipes, like that for picked-up codfish in a Yankee cookbook or for *brandade* in the French books, and your wartime meals will get a real lift.

One more note, and this of breathless importance to hostesses who have been biting their nails while waiting for Science to do something about the whipped-cream situation. Well, Science has at last got around to it, and there is now a product on the market which, added to thin wartime cream, will make it whip up in no time. The stuff is called Whip-O, and in spite of the unpromising ingredients listed on the label (Epsom salts is one of them), it is entirely tasteless and works fine. This is to be had at Hammacher Schlemmer, Altman, and the Bristol Market, 1110 Park Avenue (90th). —S. H.

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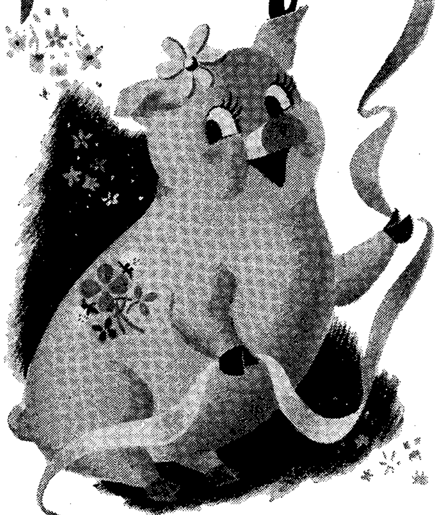

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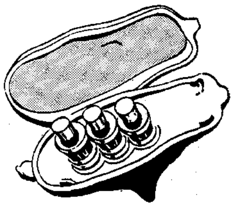
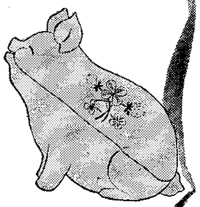


Penelope open



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fact and Fiction

THE documentary of the week is "At the Front," which the Army Signal Corps and the Office of Strategic Services have whipped up, with a liberal dash of Technicolor, out of certain of the doings in North Africa. Tanks play the major rôles in the picture. The opening sequences show you the movement of an American tank column by water from Algiers to Bône and then overland toward Tunisia, and the climax shows the defeat of a German tank attack by British guns. In between there are a couple of air raids and a little dogfighting, all somewhat more clearly photographed than most previous front-line action shots. The best part, though, is that scuffle with the German tanks at the end. Most of it was shot from a hill that can't have been more than a thousand yards from the Germans. This is a distance at which a tank, since you cannot see the mechanism by which it functions but can nevertheless see it function, takes up that strange, monster's life of its own that is the weapon's most fascinating characteristic, in an ugly sort of way.

As nearly everyone knows by now, the film was made under the supervision of Colonel Darryl Zanuck, the former Twentieth Century-Fox polo player. Although he is not mentioned in the credit lines, the Colonel has managed to label his work in a number of places, three at least. In each instance the camera shows you a rear view of a soldier right in the thick of things, only not so preoccupied that he cannot take a quick look over his shoulder and reveal to you, under the battle helmet, the thoughtful eyes and the mustache once so widely featured in fan magazines.

INEVITABLY, people will come away from "Keeper of the Flame," which deals with the behind-the-scenes life of an American citizen of international stature, asking each other, "Who's it meant to be? Lindbergh? Hearst? Leo Durocher?" Those who have read the novel by I. A. R. Wylie from which the picture was adapted undoubtedly have already asked that question. The fact probably is that the character, who turns out to have secret Fascist leanings,

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is a pretty pure figment of Miss Wylie's imagination. The author may have been thinking of a number of prominent American citizens with Fascist leanings and simply amalgamated the lot of them. In any case, the fellow dies right at the beginning, so you never get much chance to look at him. From there on, the plot concerns the investigations of Spencer Tracy, as a reporter who was an admirer of the deceased and would like to write the definitive biography, and the efforts of Katharine Hepburn, as the widow who knows the truth and is afraid of the possible effect of disillusionment on the public, to hinder those investigations. As you can see, this is a far meatier theme than you are apt to run across in most movies, and for its sake alone the thing is definitely worth seeing. On top of that you get Mr. Tracy, who is a straightforward actor, if a little monotonous, and Miss Hepburn, who is a beautiful girl, if a little inclined to speak like a spiritualistic medium.

Orson Welles has put Eric Ambler's "Journey Into Fear" on the screen and himself with it. He plays the part of the Turkish secret police chief with that spectacular overacting that has so endeared him to his followers. The innocent engineer who is caught up in a mess of Near Eastern intrigue is played by Joseph Cotten and the dancer who pursues him by Dolores Del Rio. Like all Welles productions, this one is very gloomy and it's naturally raining a good deal of the time, and there's also a certain disjointedness about the whole affair, but you should be able to find quite a bit of excitement in it.

"Forever and a Day" is another of those all-star, all-writer, all-director pictures. Most of the cast is English and the story has to do with the history of one English dwelling from 1804 up to the status quo. The proceeds from this venture are going to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and, not to obstruct this cause, I will only say that it's a shame all the stars and all the directors couldn't have got better material out of all the writers.

—David Lardner

•

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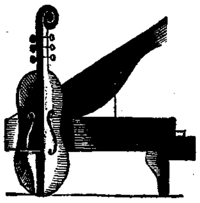
MUSICAL EVENTS

Met Summary—Concerts



THE management of the opera house arranged matters so that people living uptown would find "a large car, well lighted and warmed," waiting for them after performances. The announcement of this service also noted that "police officers will be in attendance to prevent disorders." I don't know what disorders were stirred up by the after-opera crowds or what the police officers did about the situation, because this all happened ninety-nine years ago, when the management which provided the transportation, "from corner of Chambers and Centre Streets as far as 42d Street," was that of Palmo's Opera House. Certain aspects of running opera in New York must have been more difficult then than in this past season, when the Metropolitan was able to advertise that three subway systems were available for its patrons and there were no post-performance brawls requiring constabulary handling.

Extramural ruckuses weren't required to make this Met season interesting. Operating with prices reduced and without a good deal of the old frankincense, the Metropolitan succeeded in drawing large gatherings principally by putting on staple operas as efficiently as feasible. There were no pretentious revivals, the only complete redecoration being that of "Lucia," which didn't sound any better for the extra effort. The seven other revivals ("revival" can mean an opera that has merely been skipped for a year or so instead of an exhumed one) all had their good points, and several of these presentations were swell stuff. Of these revivals, "La Forza del Destino," conducted by Bruno Walter, had a sweep and a punch it hadn't offered in recent years. "Salome," led by George Szell, with Lily Djanel acting Salome smashingly, was prime opera melodrama. The curtain-raiser for "Salome" was "La Serva Padrona," a fine old sample of something but attractive only to fine-old-sample collectors. Mr. Szell took on the revival of "Boris Godunoff" and revitalized a production that wasn't terribly different from that of several years ago. "Manon" and "Louise" were conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, who

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always lends fresh interest to an opera. "Tristan und Isolde" returned with Helen Traubel as Isolde, a trying assignment for a singer without a long opera background and one which Miss Traubel managed with increasing success during the season.

Of the new personnel of the organization, the two most important additions were conductors, Mr. Szell and Cesare Sodero. Their work, and the frequent appearances by Mr. Walter and Sir Thomas (who had been occasionals the year before), helped provide a maestronic strength that the Metropolitan hadn't had for a long time, and the emphasis on conducting paid off in performances that had musical validity even when none of the singing was remarkable. We'll catch up with the first-year singers next week.

A NEW symphony by Roy Harris—the distinguished composer's fifth—was recently brought to town by the Boston Symphony under the persuasive direction of Serge Koussevitzky. This latest Harris symphony began strikingly but became less absorbing as it went along.

Violin soloists provided some exceptional fiddling last week. Joseph Szigeti, appearing with the Philadelphia Orchestra, played the fifth Mozart concerto and the first Prokofieff concerto in his familiar fashion, which means with sensitivity and skill. Efrem Zimbalist, collaborating with the Philharmonic-Symphony, contributed the Beethoven concerto, which he played magnificently. At Town Hall, a young man named Joseph Rabushka, who is only fourteen, made an unusually impressive début.

Rene Le Roy, that excellent flautist, put on four flute concerti the other day at Town Hall, aided by a chamber orchestra that he directed, with occasional gestures or nods, as he played. Leading an ensemble while you play difficult flute music must be like playing anagrams on horseback, and Mr. Le Roy complicated life by not having somebody around to do the conducting chores. Except for some uncertainties in the orchestra, it was a pleasant evening that brought out, among its novelties, a smart little concerto by the pianist Robert Casadesus.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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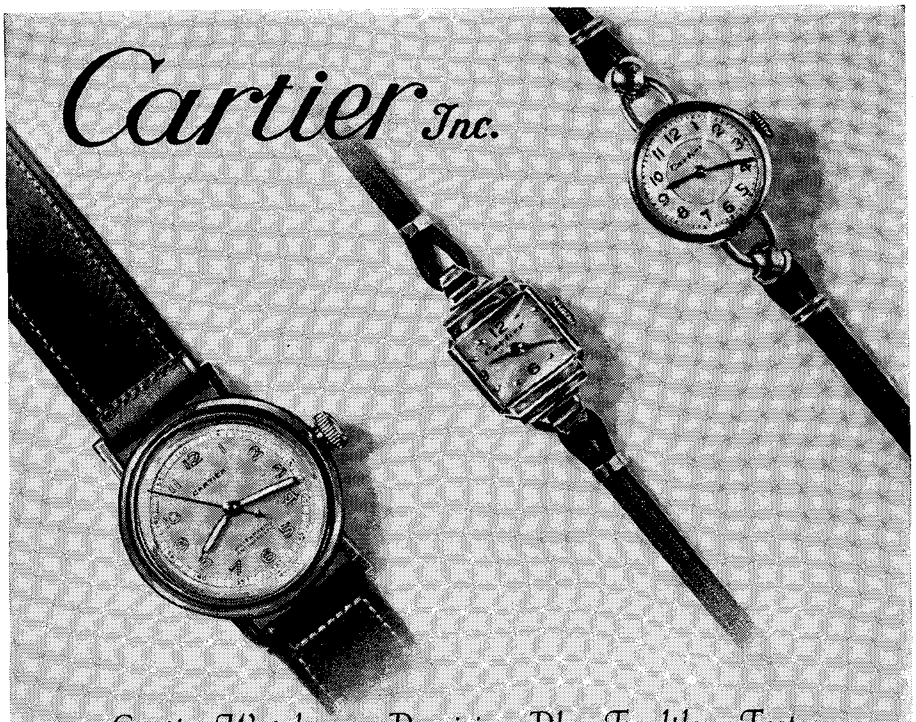
Air transportation after the war will supplant surface transportation, but certainly will not supplant it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Keep that in mind.



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BOOKS

Minstrel Boy—Japs

WOODY GUTHRIE was born in Okemah, Oklahoma, in 1912, and his parents named him after Woodrow Wilson. For many years now he's been travelling the roads and riding the freights, listening to stories told by the down-and-outers, making up songs they like to hear, and accompanying himself on the guitar he'd bust you over the head with if you dared call him a folk artist. He's slight and dark and wiry and he has curly hair, and no matter where he is, even if it be the elegant studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System, he behaves as if the universe were just one great big Okemah, or ought to be. Someday people are going to wake up to the fact that Woody Guthrie and the ten thousand songs that leap and tumble off the strings of his music box are a national possession, like Yellowstone and Yosemite, and part of the best stuff this country has to show the world.

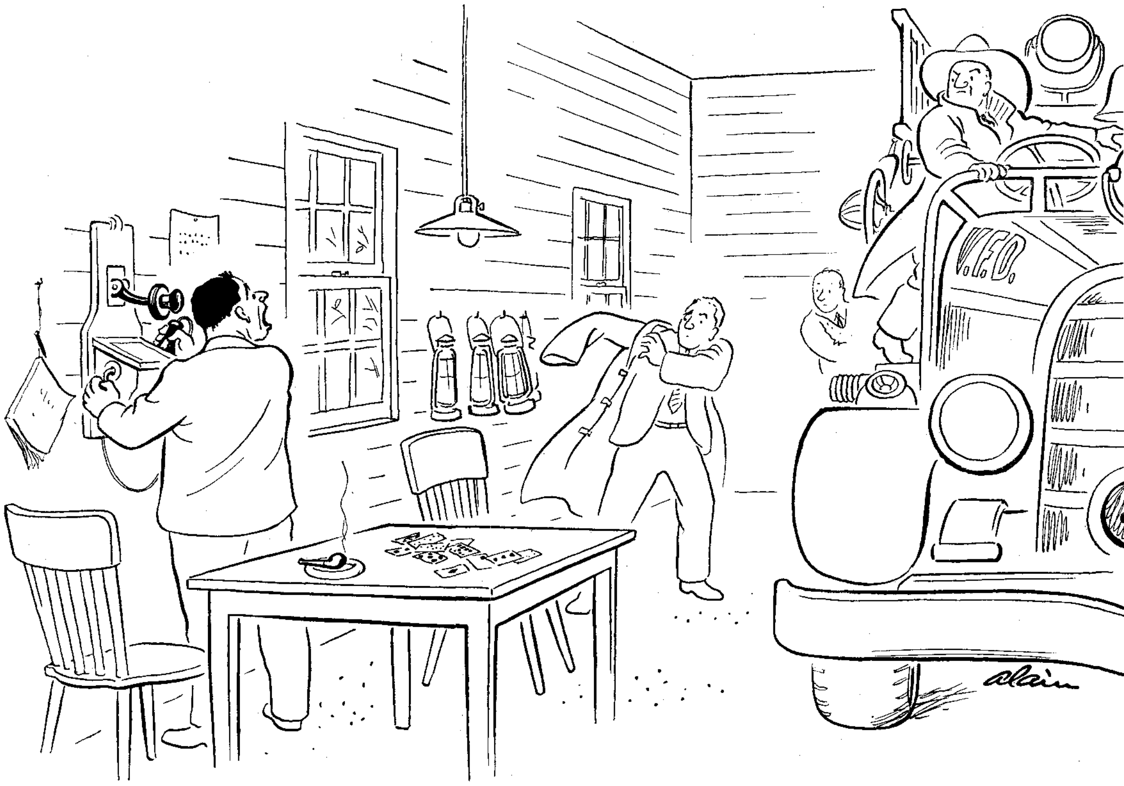
Woody's own history, "Bound for Glory," will never rank among the classic autobiographies, for it lacks entirely that element of egotism, even of pomposity, that all the great confessions seem to me to have. It is written not in a personal prose but in a kind of dialect, as the poems of Burns were written, a language that has the exact speed and timbre of colloquial speech and yet is nervous and alive with metaphor and simile, and musical, too, in its balladlike way. I know of no book in our literature exactly like it; it may not have great stature but it certainly has originality.

The first half of "Bound for Glory" deals with Woody's childhood. There is a wonderful tone, a cocky poetry, in these pages. Nothing seemed to faze young Woody—not poverty, not squalor, not the loss of his sister in a fire, not the tragic insanity of his mother. He has the toughness we read about in the accounts of the trials and sufferings of our frontier ancestors, but allied to this is imagination, a capacity to understand as well as to withstand. I commend this section of "Bound for Glory" to the admirers of "The Human Comedy," lest all of us become imbued with the notion that the small boys of America are a collection of darling fauns. I particularly call the Saroyanites' attention to Chapter 7 ("Cain't No Gang Whip Us Now"), a bloody narrative of a war among the youthful citizens of Okemah. It more nearly corresponds to what I can remember of life at twelve than anything in Mr. Saroyan's pastel-colored pages.

Woody, unlike Mr. Saroyan, is frankly selective in his tastes. He is incapable of wholesale love. He didn't get along well with the California fruit-growers who exploit itinerant labor, or with the Fascist Americans who were all set to beat up our native Japanese the day after Pearl Harbor, or with the impresarios of the Rainbow Room who tried to hire him and his guitar, or with his freight-train companions who drew the color line, or with hypocrites, stuffed shirts, and highly moral folk in general. He has an unashamed ability to be happy with hobos, drunks, and down-and-outers, to note their degradation but to see in them also an indefeasible spark of hope and courage. He has a simple faith, grounded on more first-hand knowledge than most of us can boast, that somehow the common folk of this land are "bound for glory."

GUSTAV ECKSTEIN'S "In Peace Japan Breeds War" is a short book, written in quaintly uncertain English and based on several visits to Japan the author made during the twenties and early thirties. Half of the book consists of rather pointless anecdotes and legends (Japanese mythology is unquestionably the dullest in the world). The balance, unsystematic and eccentric in its organization, is nevertheless full of perceptions that may help us to understand the nature of the queerest enemy this country has ever fought.

The centre of Japanese power, Eckstein tells us, does not lie in the small band of fanatics who lead the nation. "It is not at one point, but it is somehow in the total nation." It is important for us to understand this, for otherwise



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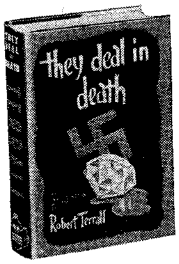
THE GORY GAZETTE

Time was when high toned readers curled their lips at spy stories. "Far-fetched," they said. "Fantastic. Incredible." That was before the Axis proved that the authors of thrillers had been living in a whimsical world wrapped in cotton wool.

They Deal in Death by ROBERT TERRALL, just published by Inner Sanctum Mysteries, is a spy story *not* under wraps. Along with death and other assorted violences, it deals with a new type sabotage and Nazi villainy: the unholy traffic in industrial diamonds, those uncut, precious hunks which build the world's tools of war.



When the editors read the manuscript of *They Deal in Death*, they were torn between the breakneck pace of the story and the amazing new world of secret information it revealed. For example, we quote from the book's central character, MR. KATZ, diamond merchant:

"Diamonds aren't citizens of any country. They are mined in Africa, stored in London, cut in Palestine, sold in Bermuda, and bought in the United States. The Diamond Corporation, which keeps up the prices, is composed of Englishmen, the king of Belgium, the Union of South Africa, a few Frenchmen and certain Americans. The Germans have never got anywhere in the diamond business, but there are spies and traitors who are shipping diamonds to Hitler. They don't travel on German passports and *heil* Hitler. If they are to be stopped, *we* must stop them."

They Deal in Death is the story of how they were stopped.

So if you're contemplating the theft of a diamond in New York's diamond center, and want to find out how to escape from one of its automatically-locking buildings, or even if you're just a law-abiding citizen who revels in vicarious violence, read

THEY DEAL IN DEATH
By Robert Terrall
AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY • PRICE $2.00
PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER

we may fall victim to the nonsensical "gangster" theory, which assumes that Fascism is to be found only at the top of the heap. As Eckstein puts it, rather sweetly, "I would not know where in Japan the clique of bad men ended and the nation of good men began."

This complete unity of the Japanese makes it necessary for us to do more than secure a military victory. The Japanese "would be quite able to swallow a defeat—and go on from there. . . . They would allow us a victory in the present war if they could see that their defeat had in it the substance of the future." These are wise if somewhat obscure words.

Some of the best chapters of Eckstein's book describe the achievements of Toyama, who founded the Black Dragon Society, and of Yamagata, who died twenty-one years ago but whose brains and energy are still actuating the Japanese army.

The Japanese emerge from these pages as a thoroughly unpleasant, feudal-minded people, utterly incapable of distinguishing right from wrong. They believe firmly that they are destined to rule the earth and they cannot understand why we do not agree with them. Any attempt, after the war, to treat them as if they were living in the twentieth century is bound to result, it would seem from Eckstein's analysis, in another disaster. Sooner or later, one gathers, we will have to accustom ourselves to the idea that all of us are not contemporary. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

JUST BEFORE DAWN, by Anne Green. The story of a young girl whose well-connected American family has lived in Paris for three generations. What happens when war and defeat come to France and the heroine identifies herself with the French underground movement makes a plot which the author handles deftly enough. The novel's real interest, though, lies in its sharply observed pictures of conventional Parisian life in the years between the last war and the present one. Miss Green has a remarkably quick ear for the conversation both of *petits bourgeois* and the old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen of the Faubourg St.-Germain.

PERILOUS JOURNEY, by C. M. Sublette and Harry Harrison Kroll. A lively romance laid along the Mississippi River and the old Natchez Trace in the year 1821. The first half of the

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WE CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY
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John T. Whitaker

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-*The New Yorker*

"One of the soundest of the foreign correspondents' European harvest. It is not a scoop. It is not hot off the platter. But by just that virtue—by the added time for digestion and study, it is a better book than most."
—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

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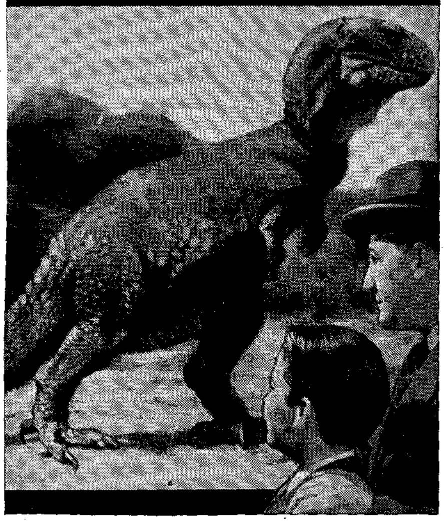
HOW DID THE ANIMALS GET THEIR NAMES?

Dinosaur means literally a "terrible lizard"



THE name *dinosaur* comes from the Greek words *deinos*, "terrible," and *sauros*, "lizard." A *serpent* is a "creeping" thing, the word being derived from Latin *serpere*, "to creep." The *lemur*, from its habit of going abroad at night, got its name from the Latin *lemures*, meaning "ghosts." You will find hundreds of interesting word origins in

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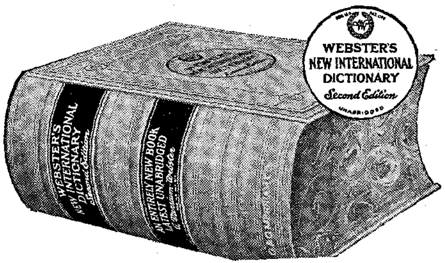
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book, concerned with the hero's trip in a flatboat from the White River to New Orleans, is an interesting record of the brash, gaudy life of the river towns. The part of the story that describes New Orleans and the journey up the Trace involves a lot of very fancy synthetic adventure, which is, however, full of unimpeachably correct local color.

SWEET CHARIOT, by Frank Baker. Rather long-winded but original fantasy about an English schoolmaster who changed places with his guardian angel. Mr. Baker makes the involvements sound probable, comic, and touching. You may, though, find him too pious and moralistic.

THE WAY SOME PEOPLE LIVE, by John Cheever. Thirty stories—most of them effective and certain of them distinguished—about confused and suffering people. Some were written before Pearl Harbor, some afterward. Nearly all first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

SINGAPORE IS SILENT, by George Weller. Aside from one mild spell of master-minding (the author suggests that we'd better take charge in the South Pacific after the war), this is a detailed, fairly complete recapitulation and analysis of the Malayan campaign. Mr. Weller, who was there as a Chicago *Daily News* reporter, gives us a good deal of precise dope on Yamashita's jungle-fighting tactics. Well written if not very well organized, and should help to correct the too-simple explanations we have had of the fall of Singapore.

SOUTHWEST PASSAGE, by John Lardner. The author, a correspondent accredited to the Army, went down to Australia with the first American transports, travelled up to Port Moresby in a freighter loaded with bombs and aviation gasoline, and witnessed the early counterattacks of MacArthur's fliers in New Guinea. Sketchy, especially at the beginning, but freshly handled and full of a neat and observant humor. Photographs.

A FRENCH OFFICER'S DIARY, by D. Barlone, translated from the French by L. V. Cass. Impressions of a patient and conscientious line officer who fought in the Battle of France, escaped to Morocco, and later joined de Gaulle in England. Covers the period between August, 1939, and October, 1940. The translation is only fair. Maps.

THE POLITICS OF THIS WAR, by Ray

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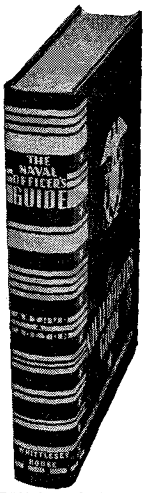

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—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW
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F. Harvey and others. Eleven specialists, most of them newspapermen, discuss politics as it affects the various phases of our wartime society. Peter Edson on conversion of industry, William J. Enright on small business, and Wesley McCune on labor are especially interesting. A useful background book.

Physics and Philosophy, by Sir James Jeans. An examination of the impact of the new physics on such persistent philosophical problems as determinism, free will, and materialism. The summary of Einsteinian and post-Einsteinian physics is, as might be expected, brilliant.

It's a Cinch, Private Finch!, by Sergeants Ralph Stein and Harry Brown. George Finch, a mild little man, goes through the Army wringer and comes out a bit of a tough character. Horatio Alger would recognize the plot and the sentiment has a touch of corn here and there, but the whole affair is vigorous and cheerful. Full-page cartoons by Sergeant Stein and a lively text by Sergeant Brown, whose name is familiar to readers of this journal. Foreword by Hartzell Spence.

VERSE

The Mirror of Baudelaire, edited by Charles Henri Ford, with a preface by Paul Eluard and a drawing by Matisse. Translations, and the French originals, of three Baudelaire poems, together with an introductory verse by the editor. The translations are odd in spots, but everything else, including the format, is all right.

Last Poems of Elinor Wylie. A collection of new and fugitive poems by the late and greatly gifted lyricist. Some of the items were transcribed from manuscript by Jane Wise. With a foreword by William Rose Benét and a memoir and tribute by the English writer Edith Olivier. Frontispiece and holographs.

This Is My Beloved, by Walter Benton. An unexpected reappearance of the sort of sensuous love poetry, in free verse, once practiced by D. H. Lawrence and his imitators. Rather freshly done.

North Window, by Hortense Flexner. Intelligent notes on life, some of which have appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Moscow Mystery, by Ivy Litvinoff. The murder of a young man on Little Paul Street in Moscow prevents

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Eleven Came Back, by Mabel Seeley. An innocent bystander is murdered before the murderer has a chance to finish off his intended victim, Delphine Parent, a career woman. The locale is a ranch near the Grand Tetons of Wyoming, a superb background for Miss Seeley's best mystery since "The Listening House."

The Court of Shadows, by Giles Jackson. Niles Boyd, newspaper columnist and a secret agent for the government, gets to work when his friend Bill Kerr is found with a bullet in his brain in an apartment down near the Lower Bay. Saboteurs, gangsters, and a spot of kidnapping in this fine, exciting story of wheels within wheels in wartime New York.

Murder at a Police Station, by Jefferson Farjeon. Sergeant Pork, policeman and poet, is in love and has a toothache, so it is an inconvenience when he finds a dead man in his own police station in a small English village. Gentle, humorous story of sudden death, in which Sergeant Pork's father, Jeremy, does most of the detecting.

•

The magazine *Tomorrow* has changed its editorial policy somewhat in recent months. It now puts much more stress on articles of the day . . . —*Writer's Digest.*

Very sensible move, from the looks of things.

•

The bride's mother wore a gown of blue chiffon with a shoulder bouquet of pink candles. The bridegroom wore a black dress with gold nail heads and a corsage of talisman roses.—*Gastonia* (*N.C.*) *Daily Gazette.*

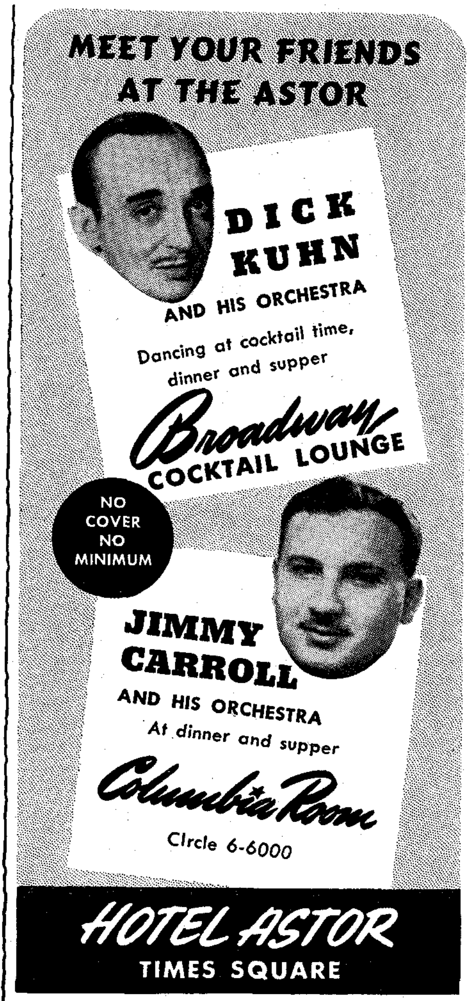
Probably some nails he'd been saving for years.

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*Publicity release from the Hotel New Yorker*]

Frank L. Andrews, President of the Hotel New Yorker, announces that "Arabian Nights on Ice" revue has been revised with a Gay Nineties finale and a Hawaiian number replacing the original ending.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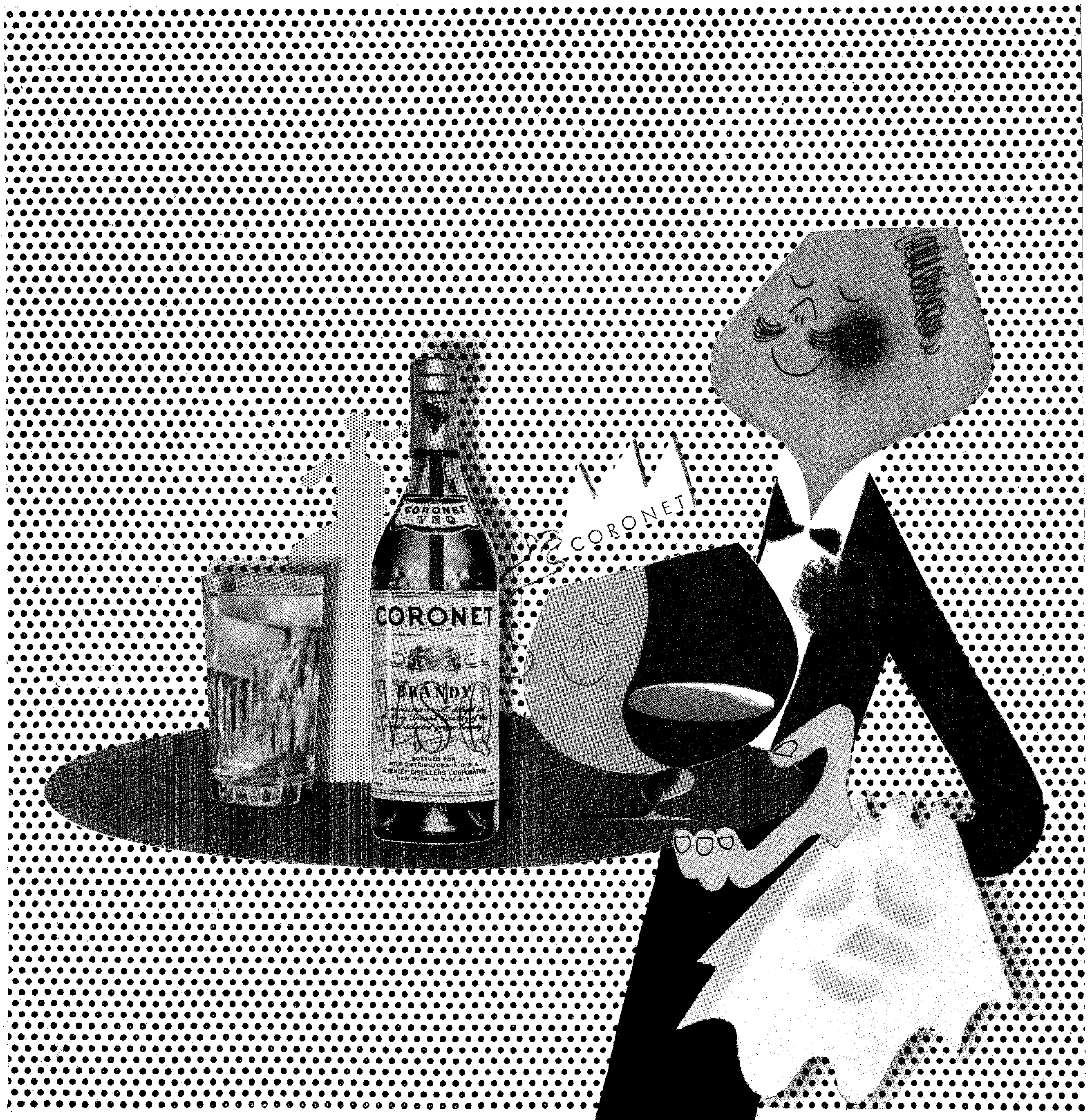

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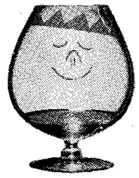

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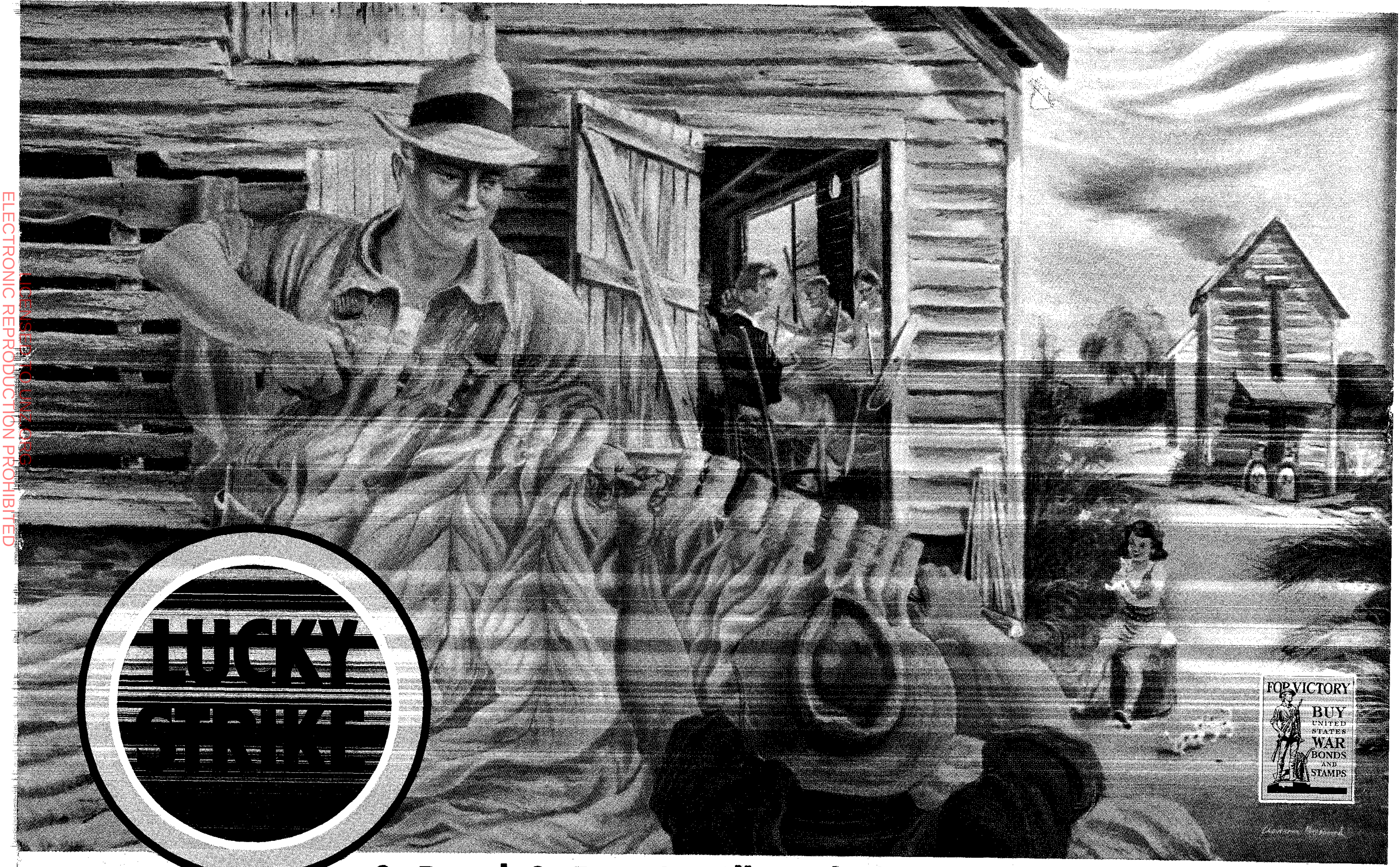
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